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Drawing by H. W.

by Dryden

Gravelot inv.

G. Vander Gucht. Sculp.

Don *SEBASTIAN*, King of *Portugal*.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

———*Nec tarda Senectus*
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem. Virg.

LONDON:
Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-againſt *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*.

M. DCC. XXXVI.

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To the Right Honourable

PHILIP,

Earl of *Leiceſter*, &c.

FAR be it from me, (my moſt noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my Meanneſs can produce, ſhou'd be worthy to be offer'd to your Patronage; or that ought which I can ſay of you ſhou'd recommend you farther, to the Eſteem of good Men in this preſent Age, or to the Veneration which will certainly be paid you by Poſterity. On the other ſide, I muſt acknowledge it a great Preſumption in me, to make you this Addreſs; and ſo much the greater, becauſe by the common Suffrage even of contrary Parties, you have been always regarded as one of the firſt Perſons of the Age, and yet no one Writer has dar'd to tell you ſo: whether we have been all conſcious to our ſelves that it was a needleſs Labour to give this Notice to Mankind, as all Men are aſham'd to tell ſtale News; or that we were juſtly diffident of our own

Performances, as even *Cicero* is obſerv'd to be in awe when he writes to *Atticus*; where knowing himſelf overmatch'd in good Senſe, and Truth of Knowledge, he drops the gaudy Train of Words, and is no longer the vain-glorious Orator. From whatever Reaſon it may be, I am the firſt bold Offender of this kind: I have broken down the Fence, and ventur'd into the holy Grove: how I may be puniſh'd for my profane Attempt, I know not; but I wiſh it may not be of ill Omen to your Lordſhip; and that a Croud of bad Writers do not ruſh into the quiet of your Receſſes after me. Every man in all Changes of Government, which have been, or may poſſibly arrive, will agree, that I cou'd not have offer'd my Incenſe, where it cou'd be ſo well deſerv'd. For you, my Lord, are ſecure in your own Merit; and all Parties, as they riſe uppermoſt, are ſure to court you in their turns; 'tis a Tribute which has ever been paid your Virtue: The leading Men ſtill bring their Bullion to your Mint, to receive the Stamp of their intrinſick Value, that they may afterwards hope to paſs with human kind. They riſe and fall in the Variety of Revolutions; and are ſometimes great, and therefore wiſe in Mens Opinions, who muſt court them for their Intereſt: But the Reputation of their Parts moſt commonly follows their Succeſs; few of 'em are wiſe, but as they are in Power: Becauſe indeed, they have no Sphere of their own, but like the Moon in the *Copernican* Syſtem of the World, are whirl'd about by the Motion of a greater Planet. This it is to be ever buſy; neither to give reſt to their Fellow-Creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themſelves: Tho truly, the latter is a kind of Juſtice, and giving Mankind a due Revenge, that they will not permit their own

Hearts

Hearts to be at qniet, who diſturb the Repoſe of all beſide them. Ambitious Meteors! how willing they are to ſet themſelves upon the wing; taking every occaſion of drawing upward to the Sun: Not conſidering that they have no more time allow'd them for their mounting, than the ſhort Revolution of a Day; and that when the Light goes from them, they are of neceſſity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not ſay, for there is but one Phœnix in an Age) who entring on himſelf remains immovable, and ſmiles at the madneſs of the Dance about him? He poſſeſſes the midſt, which is the Portion of Safety and Content: He will not be higher, becauſe he needs it not; but by the Prudence of that Choice, he puts it out of Fortune's Power to throw him down. 'Tis confeſt, that if he had not ſo been born, he might have been too high for Happineſs; but not endeavouring to aſcend, he ſecures the native height of his Station from Envy: and cannot deſcend from what he is, becauſe he depends not on another. What a glorious Character was this once in *Rome!* I ſhou'd ſay in *Athens*, when in the Diſturbances of a State as mad as ours, the wiſe *Pomponius* tranſported all the remaining Wiſdom and Virtue of his Country, into the Sanctuary of Peace and Learning. But I would ask the World, (for you, my Lord, are too nearly concern'd to judge this Cauſe) whether there may not yet be found a Character of a noble *Engliſh* Man, equally ſhining with that illuſtrious *Roman*. Whether I need to name a ſecond *Atticus*; or whether the World has not already prevented me, and fix'd it there without my naming. Not a ſecond with a *longo ſed proximus intervallo*, not a young *Marcellus*,

cellus, flatter'd by a Poet into the reſemblance of the firſt, with a *frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu*, and the reſt that follows, *ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris:* But a Perſon of the ſame Stamp and Magnitude; who owes nothing to the former, beſides the Word *Roman*, and the Superſtition of Reverence, devolving on him by the Precedency of eighteen hundred Years: One who walks by him with equal Paces, and ſhares the Eyes of Beholders with him: One who had been firſt, had he firſt liv'd; and in ſpite of doating Veneration is ſtill his Equal. Both of them born of noble Families in unhappy Ages of Change and Tumult; both of them retiring from Affairs of State: Yet not leaving the Commonwealth, till it had left it ſelf; but never returning to publick Buſineſs, when they had once quitted it; tho courted by the Heads of either Party. But who wou'd truſt the quiet of their Lives, with the Extravagancies of their Countrymen, when they were juſt in the giddineſs of their turning; when the Ground was tottering under them at every Moment; and none cou'd gueſs whether the next heave of the Earthquake wou'd ſettle them on the firſt Foundation, or ſwallow it? Both of 'em knew Mankind exactly well; for both of 'em began that Study in themſelves; and there they found the beſt part of human Compoſition, the worſt they learn'd by long Experience of the Folly, Ignorance, and Immorality of moſt beſide them; their Philoſophy on both ſides, was not wholly ſpeculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain Ideas of things which cannot poſſibly be known; or if they cou'd, yet wou'd only terminate in the Underſtanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical Philoſophy,

phy, which exerted it ſelf in all the Offices of Pity, to thoſe who were unfortunate, and deſerv'd not ſo to be. The Friend was always more conſider'd by them than the Cauſe: And an *Octavius*, or an *Anthony* in diſtreſs, were reliev'd by them, as well as a *Brutus* or a *Caſſius*. For the lowermoſt Party, to a noble Mind, is ever the fitteſt Object of Good-will. The eldeſt of them, I will ſuppoſe for his Honour, to have been of the Academick Sect, neither Dogmatiſt nor Stoick; if he were not, I am ſure he ought in common Juſtice, to yield the Precedency to his younger Brother. For ſtiffneſs of Opinion is the effect of Pride, and not of Philoſophy: 'Tis a miſerable Preſumption of that Knowledge which human Nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedneſs of a Stoick is only a ſilly Affectation of being a God: To wind himſelf up by Pullies, to an Inſenſibility of ſuffering; and at the ſame time to give the Lye to his own Experience, by ſaying he ſuffers not, what he knows he feels. True Philoſophy is certainly of a more pliant Nature, and more accommodated to human uſe; *Homo ſum, humani a me nihil alienum puto.* A wiſe Man will never attempt an Impoſſibility: and ſuch it is to ſtrain himſelf beyond the Nature of his Being: either to become a Deity, by being above ſuffering, or to debaſe himſelf into a Stock or Stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in our ſelves the Weakneſſes and Imperfections of our wretched Kind, is ſurely the moſt reaſonable ſtep we can make towards the Compaſſion of our Fellow-Creatures. I cou'd give Examples of this kind in the ſecond *Atticus*. In every turn of State, without meddling on either ſide, he has always been favourable and aſſiſting to oppreſt Merit. The Praiſes which

which were given by a great Poet to the late Queen Mother on her rebuilding *Somerſet Palace*, one part of which was fronting to the mean Houſes on the other ſide of the Water, are as juſtly his:

For, the Diſtreſt, and the Afflicted lie
Moſt in his Thoughts, and always in his Eye.

Neither has he ſo far forgot a poor Inhabitant of his Suburbs, whoſe beſt Proſpect is on the Garden of *Leiceſter Houſe*; but that more than once he has been offering him his Patronage, to reconcile him to a World, of which his Misfortunes have made him weary. There is another *Sidney* ſtill remaining, tho there can never be another *Spenſer* to deſerve the Favour. But one *Sidney* gave his Patronage to the Applications of a Poet; the other offer'd it unask'd. Thus, whether as a ſecond *Atticus*, or a ſecond Sir *Philip Sidney*, the latter in all reſpects will not have the worſe of the Compariſon; and if he will take up with the ſecond place, the World will not ſo far flatter his Modeſty, as to ſeat him there, unleſs it be out of a Deference of Manners, that he may place himſelf where he pleaſes at his own Table.

I may therefore ſafely conclude, that he, who by the Conſent of all Men, bears ſo eminent a Character, will out of his inborn Nobleneſs forgive the Preſumption of this Addreſs. 'Tis an unfiniſh'd Picture, I confeſs, but the Lines and Features are ſo like, that it cannot be miſtaken for any other; and without writing any name under it, every Beholder muſt cry out, at the firſt ſight, this was deſign'd for *Atticus*; but the bad Artiſt has caſt too much of him into Shades. But I have

have this Excuſe, that even the greateſt Maſters commonly fall ſhort of the beſt Faces. They may flatter an indifferent Beauty; but the Excellencies of Nature can have no Right done to them: For there both the Pencil and the Pen are overcome by the Dignity of the Subject; as our admirable *Waller* has expreſs'd it,

The Hero's Race tranſcends the Poet's Thought.

There are few in any Age who can bear the load of a Dedication; for where Praiſe is undeſerv'd, 'tis Satire: Tho Satire on Folly is now no longer a Scandal to any one Perſon, where a whole Age is dipt together; yet I had rather undertake a Multitude one way, than a ſingle *Atticus* the other; for 'tis eaſier to deſcend, than 'tis to climb. I ſhou'd have gone aſham'd out of the World, if I had not at leaſt attempted this Addreſs, which I have long thought owing: And if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have ſucceeded in it. Now I have made the Experiment, and have fail'd, thro my Unworthineſs, I may reſt ſatisfy'd, that either the Adventure is not to be atchiev'd, or that it is reſerv'd for ſome other hand.

Be pleas'd therefore, ſince the Family of the *Attici* is and ought to be above the common Forms of concluding Letters, that I may take my leave in the Words of *Cicero* to the firſt of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valdè pœnitet vivere; tantum te oro, ut quoniam meipſe ſemper amâſti, ut eodem amore ſis; ego nimirum idem ſum. Inimici mei mea mihi, non meipſum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

Dabam Cal. Jan. 1690.

THE

THE PREFACE.

WHether it happen'd thro a long Diſuſe of Writing, that I forgot the uſual Compaſs of a Play; or that by crouding it with Characters and Incidents, I put a Neceſſity upon my ſelf of lengthning the main Action, I know not: but the firſt day's Audience ſufficiently convinc'd me of my Error; and that the Poem was inſupportably too long. 'Tis an ill Ambition of us Poets, to pleaſe an Audience with more than they can hear: And, ſuppoſing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagine ourſelves to write, yet we ought to conſider, that no Man can bear to be long tickled. There is a Nauſeouſneſs in a City-Feaſt, when we are to ſit four Hours after we are cloy'd. I am therefore in the firſt place to acknowledge, with all manner of Gratitude, their Civility, who were pleas'd to endure it with ſo much Patience, to be weary with ſo much Good-nature and Silence, and not to explode an Entertainment, which was deſign'd to pleaſe them; or diſcourage an Author, whoſe Misfortunes have once more brought him againſt his Will, upon the Stage. While I continue in theſe bad Circumſtances, (and truly I ſee very little Probability of coming out) I

muſt

muſt be oblig'd to write; and if I may ſtill hope for the ſame kind Uſage, I ſhall the leſs repent of that hard Neceſſity. I write not this out of any Expectation to be pitied; for I have Enemies enough to wiſh me yet in a worſe Condition: but give me leave to ſay, that if I can pleaſe by writing, as I ſhall endeavour it, the Town may be ſomewhat obliged to my Misfortunes, for a part of their Diverſion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having obſerved how difficult it was to pleaſe; that the Humours of Comedy were almoſt ſpent, that Love and Honour (the miſtaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theatres could not ſupport their Charges, that the Audience forſook them, that young Men without Learning ſet up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudeſt, who underſtood the leaſt: all theſe Diſcouragements had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had alſo given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the Difficulties continue; they encreaſe, and I am ſtill condemn'd to dig in thoſe exhauſted Mines. Whatever Fault I next commit, reſt aſſur'd it ſhall not be that of too much length: Above twelve hundred Lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, ſince it was firſt deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed ſo judiciouſly lopp'd by Mr. *Betterton*, to whoſe Care and excellent Action I am equally oblig'd, that the Connexion of the Story was not loſt; but on the other ſide, it was impoſſible to prevent ſome part of the Action from being precipitated and coming on without that due Preparation, which is required to all great Events: as in particular, that of raiſing the Mobile, in the beginning of the fourth Act; which a Man of *Benducar's* cool Character cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all thoſe Precautions, which he foreſaw wou'd be neceſſary to render his Deſign ſucceſsful. On this Conſideration I have replac'd thoſe Lines thro the whole Poem; and thereby reſtor'd it to that clearneſs of Conception, and (if I may dare to ſay) that Luſtre and Maſculine Vigour, in which it was firſt written. 'Tis obvious to every underſtanding Reader, that the moſt Poetical Parts, which are Deſcriptions, Images, Similitudes,

tudes, and Moral Sentences; are thoſe which of neceſſity were to be pared away, when the Body was ſwollen into too large a bulk for the Repreſentation of the Stage. But there is a vaſt difference betwixt a publick Entertainment on the Theatre, and a private reading in the Cloſet: In the firſt we are confin'd to Time, and tho we talk not by the Hour-glaſs, yet the Watch often drawn out of the Pocket warns the Actors that their Audience is weary: in the laſt every Reader is Judge of his own Conyenience; he can take up the Book and lay it down at his pleaſure; and find out thoſe Beauties of Propriety in Thought and Writing, which eſcap'd him in the Tumult and Hurry of repreſenting. And I dare boldly promiſe for this Play, that in the roughneſs of the Numbers and Cadences, (which I aſſure was not caſual, but ſo deſign'd) you will ſee ſomewhat more maſterly ariſing to your View, than in moſt, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the Figures, and more ſuitable to the loftineſs of the Subject; and beſides this, ſome Newneſſes of *Engliſh*, tranſlated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the Elegancies of the *Latin*; and here and there ſome old Words are ſprinkled, which for their Significance and Sound deſerv'd not to be antiquated; ſuch as we often find in *Salluſt* amongſt the *Roman* Authors, and in *Milton*'s Paradiſe amongſt ours; tho perhaps the latter, inſtead of ſprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even ſometimes to the obſcuring of his Senſe.

As for the Story or Plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely Fiction; for I take it up where the Hiſtory has laid it down. We are aſſur'd by all Writers of thoſe Times, that *Sebaſtian* a young Prince of great Courage and Expectation, undertook that War partly upon a Religious Account, partly at the Sollicitation of *Muley-Mahumet*, who had been driven out of his Dominions by *Abdelmelech*, or as others call him, *Muley-Moluch* his nigh Kinſmon, who deſcended from the ſame Family of the *Xeriffs*, whoſe Fathers *Hamet* and *Mahomet* had conquer'd that Empire with joint Forces, and ſhar'd it betwixt them after their Victory: That the Body of *Don Sebaſtian* was

never found in the Field of Battle; which gave occaſion for many to believe, that he was not ſlain; that ſome Years after, when the *Spaniards* with a pretended Title, by force of Arms had uſurp'd the Crown of *Portugal* from the Houſe of *Braganza*, a certain Perſon who call'd himſelf *Don Sebaſtian*, and had all the Marks of his Body and Features of his Face, appear'd at *Venice*, where he was own'd by ſome of his Country-men; but being ſeiz'd by the *Spaniards*, was firſt impriſon'd, then ſent to the Gallies, and at laſt put to Death in private. 'Tis moſt certain, that the *Portugueſe* expected his Return for almoſt an Age together after that Battle; which is at leaſt a Proof of their extream Love to his Memory; and the Uſage which they had from their new Conquerors, might poſſibly make them ſo extravagant in their Hopes and Wiſhes for their old Maſter.

This Ground-work the Hiſtory afforded me, and I deſire no better to build a Play upon it: For where the Event of a great Action is left doubtful, there the Poet is left Maſter: He may raiſe what he pleaſes on that Foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the Rule of Probability. From hence I was only oblig'd that *Sebaſtian* ſhould return to *Portugal* no more; but at the ſame time I had him at my own diſpoſal, whether to beſtow him in *Africk*, or in any other corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his Death: and the laſt of theſe was certainly the moſt eaſy, but for the ſame Reaſon, the leaſt artful; becauſe, as I have ſomewhere ſaid, the Poiſon and the Dagger are ſtill at hand to butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the Brains to ſave him. It being therefore only neceſſary, according to the Laws of the *Drama*, that *Sebaſtian* ſhould no more be ſeen upon the Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have diſpos'd of him according to Art, or have bungled up the Concluſion of his Adventure. In the drawing of his Character I forgot not Piety, which any one may obſerve to be one principal Ingredient of it; even ſo far as to be a Habit in him; tho I ſhew him once to be tranſported from it by the Violence of a ſudden Paſſion, to endeavour a Self-

Self-Murder. This being pre-ſuppos'd, that he was religious, the Horror of his Inceſt, tho innocently committed, was the beſt Reaſon which the Stage cou'd give for hindring his Return. 'Tis true, I have no Right to blaſt his Memory with ſuch a Crime: But declaring it to be Fiction, I deſire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are ſeeing it repreſented: For that once ended, he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have Reaſon to preſume he is. On this Suppoſition, it was unreaſonable to have kill'd him: For the Learned Mr. *Rymer* has well obſerv'd, that in all Puniſhments we are to regulate our ſelves by Poetical Juſtice; and according to thoſe Meaſures an involuntary Sin deſerves not Death: from whence it follows, that to divorce himſelf from the beloved Object, to retire into a Deſart, and deprive himſelf of a Throne, was the utmoſt Puniſhment which a Poet cou'd inflict, as it was alſo the utmoſt Reparation which *Sebaſtian* cou'd make. For what relates to *Almeyda*, her Part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the Sirname of a noble Family in *Portugal*, which was very inſtrumental in the Reſtoration of *Don John de Braganza*, Father to the moſt Illuſtrious and moſt pious Princeſs our Queen *Dowager*. The *French* Author of a Novel call'd *Don Sebaſtian*, has given that Name to an *African* Lady of his own Invention, and makes her Siſter to *Muley-Mahomet*. But I have wholly chang'd the Accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the Suppoſition, that ſhe was belov'd by the King of *Portugal*. Tho if I had taken the whole Story, and wrought it up into a Play, I might have done it exactly according to the Practice of almoſt all the Antients; who were never accus'd of being *Plagiaries*, for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus *Auguſtus Cæſar* wrote an *Ajax*, which was not the leſs his own, becauſe *Euripides* had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late Years *Corneille* writ an *Oedipus* after *Sophocles*; and I have deſign'd one after him, which I wrote with Mr. *Lee*: yet neither the *French* Poet ſtole from the *Greek*, nor we from the *French-man*. 'Tis the Contrivance, the new Turn, and new Characters, which alter the Property, and make it ours. The *Materia*

eria Poetica is as common to all Writers, as the *Materia Medica* to all Phyſicians. Thus in our *Chronicles*, *Daniel's* Hiſtory is ſtill his own, tho *Matthew Paris*, *Stow*, and *Hollingſhed* writ before him; otherwiſe we muſt have been ontent with their dull Relations, if a better Pen had not een allow'd to come after them, and writ his own Ac- ount after a new and better Manner.

I muſt further declare freely, that I have not exactly ept to the three mechanick Rules of Unity: I knew hem, and had them in my Eye, but follow'd them only t a Diſtance: for the Genius of the *Engliſh* cannot bear oo regular a Play; we are given to Variety, even to a Debauchery of Pleaſure. My Scenes are therefore ſome- imes broken, becauſe my Under-Plot requir'd them ſo to e; tho the general Scene remains of the ſame Caſtle; nd I have taken the Time of two Days, becauſe the Va- iety of Accidents, which are here repreſented, cou'd not aturally be ſuppos'd to arrive in one: But to gain a reater Beauty, 'tis lawful for a Poet to ſuperſede a leſs.

I muſt likewiſe own, that I have ſomewhat deviated rom the known Hiſtory, in the Death of *Muley-Moluch*, who, by all Relations, died of a Fever in the Battel, be- ore his Army had wholly won the Field: but if I have llow'd him another Day of Life, it was becauſe I ſtood n need of ſo ſhining a Character of Brutality, as I have iven him; which is indeed the ſame with that of the pre- ent Emperor *Muley-Iſhmael*, as ſome of our *Engliſh* Of- icers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd ne.

I have been liſtning what Objections had been made gainſt the Conduct of the Play, but found them all ſo rivial, that if I ſhou'd name them, a true Critick wou'd magine that I play'd Booty, and only rais'd up Fantoms or my ſelf to conquer. Some are pleas'd to ſay the Wri- ing is dull; but *ætatem habet, de ſe loquatur.* Others, that he double Poiſon is unnatural; let the common receiv'd Opinion, and *Auſonius* his famous Epigram anſwer that. Laſtly, a more ignorant Sort of Creatures than either of he former, maintain that the Character of *Dorax* is not nly unnatural, but inconſiſtent with it ſelf; let them

read

read the Play and think again; and if yet they are not ſatisfied, caſt their Eyes on that Chapter of the wiſe *Montaigne*, which is entituled, *de l' Inconſtance des Actions humaines*. A longer Reply is what thoſe Cavillers deſerve not; but I will give them and their Fellows to underſtand, that the Earl of *Dorſet* was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was Acted; and did me the Favour to ſend me Word, that I had written beyond any of my former Plays; and that he was diſpleas'd any Thing ſhou'd be cut away. If I have not Reaſon to prefer his ſingle Judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be Judge; for the Oppoſition is the ſame with that of *Lucan's* Heroe againſt an Army; *concurrere bellum, atque virum.* I think I may modeſtly conclude, that whatever Errors there may be, either in the Deſign, or Writing of this Play, they are not thoſe which have been objected to it. I think alſo, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of Doting; and that I have given ſo much Application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many groſs Abſurdities: which may caution my Enemies from too raſh a Cenſure; and may alſo encourage my Friends, who are many more than I cou'd reaſonably have expected, to believe their Kindneſs has not been very undeſervedly beſtow'd on me. This is not a Play that was huddl'd up in haſte: and to ſhew it was not, I will own, that beſides the general Moral of it, which is given in the four laſt Lines, there is alſo another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters, which a judicious Critick will obſerve, tho I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be alſo ſome ſecret Beauties in the Decorum of Parts, and Uniformity of Deſign, which my puny Judges will not eaſily find out; let them conſider in the laſt Scene of the Fourth Act, whether I have not preſerv'd the Rule of Decency, in giving all the Advantage to the Royal Character; and in making *Dorax* firſt ſubmit: Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was thro Indigence of Characters, I have given the ſame to *Sebaſtian* and *Almeyda*; and conſequently made them alike in all Things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the Matter, and they will find that

this

this Identity of Character in the Greatneſs of their Souls, was intended for a Preparation of the final Diſcovery, and that the likeneſs of their Nature, was a fair Hint to the Proximity of their Blood.

To avoid the Imputation of too much Vanity (for all Writers, and eſpecially Poets will have ſome) I will give but one other Inſtance, in relation to the Uniformity of the Deſign. I have obſerv'd, that the *Engliſh* will not bear a thorow Tragedy; but are pleas'd, that it ſhou'd be lightned with Under-Parts of Mirth. It had been eaſy for me to have given my Audience a better Courſe of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of *Antonio* and *Morayma*. But I dare appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any Man cou'd have invented one which had been more of a Piece, and more depending on the ſerious Part of the Deſign. For what cou'd be more uniform, than to draw from out of the Members of a Captive Court, the Subject of a comical Entertainment? To prepare this Epiſode, you ſee *Dorax* giving the Character of *Antonio*, in the Beginning of the Play, upon his firſt Sight of him at the Lottery; and to make the Dependance, *Antonio* is engag'd in the Fourth Act, for the Deliverance of *Almeyda*; which is alſo prepar'd, by his being firſt made a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble.

I ſhou'd beg Pardon for theſe Inſtances; but perhaps they may be of Uſe to future Poets, in the Conduct of their Plays: At leaſt if I appear too poſitive, I am growing old, and thereby in poſſeſſion of ſome Experience, which Men in Years will always aſſume for a Right of Talking. Certainly, if a Man can ever have Reaſon to ſet a Value on himſelf, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the Advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his Reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the Counſel of my old Maſter *Virgil*,

Tu ne cede malis; ſed contra audentior ito.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Sent to the Author by an unknown Hand, and propos'd to be Spoken by Mrs. *Mountford*, dreſt like an Officer.

BRight Beauties who in awful Circle ſit,
And you grave Synod of the dreadful Pit,
And you the Upper-Tire of Popgun-Wit,

Pray eaſe me of my Wonder, if you may:
Is all this Crowd barely to ſee the Play,
Or is't the Poet's Execution-Day?

His Breath is in your Hands I will preſume,
But I adviſe you to defer his Doom,
Till you have got a better in his Room;

And don't maliciouſly combine together,
As if in Spight and Spleen you were come hither;
For he has kept the Pen, tho loſt the Feather.

And on my Honour, Ladies, I avow,
This Play was writ in Charity to you:
For ſuch a Dearth of Wit who ever knew?

Sure 'tis a Judgment on this Sinful Nation,
For the Abuſe of ſo great Diſpenſation:
And therefore I reſolve to change Vocation.

For want of Petty-Coat I've put on Buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you Sirs, is it not well enough?

Of Bully-Criticks I a Troop wou'd lead;
But one replied, Thank you, there's no ſuch Need,
I at Groom-Porter's, Sir, can ſafer bleed.

Another, who the Name of Danger loaths,
Vow'd he wou'd go, and ſwore me forty Oaths,
But that his Horſes were in Body-Clothes.

A Third cry'd, Dam my Blood, I'd be content
To puſh my Fortune, if the Parliment
Wou'd but recal Claret from Baniſhment.

A Fourth (and I have done) made this Excuſe,
I'd draw my Sword in Ireland, *Sir, to chuſe;*
Had not their Women gouty Legs, and wore no Shoes.

Well, I may march, thought I, and fight, and trudge,
But of theſe Blades the Devil a Man will budge;
They there would fight, e'en juſt as here they judge.

Here they will pay for Leave to find a Fault,
But when their Honour calls, they can't be bought
Honour in Danger, Blood and Wounds is ſought.

Loſt Virtue whither fled, or where's thy Dwelling
Who can reveal? at leaſt 'tis paſt my telling,
Unleſs thou art embarkt for Inniskilling.

On Carrion-Tits thoſe Sparks denounce their Rage,
In Boot of Wiſp and Leinſter *Friſe engage:*
What would you do in ſuch an Equipage?

The Siege of Derry *does you Gallants threaten:*
Not out of errant Shame of being beaten,
As Fear of wanting Meat, or being eaten.

Were Wit like Honour, to be won by fighting,
How few juſt Judges would there be of Writing,
Then you would leave this villainous Back-biting.

Your Talents lie how to expreſs your Spight,
But where is he knows how to praiſe aright?
You praiſe like Cowards, but like Criticks fight.

Ladies be wiſe, and wean theſe yearling Calves,
Who in your Service too are meer Faux-braves,
They Judge, and Write, and Fight, and--Love by Halves.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by a Woman.

THE Judge remov'd, tho he's no more my Lord,
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board:
So may caſt Poets write; there's no Pretenſion
To argue Loſs of Wit, from Loſs of Penſion.
Your Looks are chearful; and in all this Place
I ſee not one, that wears a damning Face.
The Britiſh Nation is too brave, to ſhow
Ignoble Vengeance on a vanquiſh'd Foe.
At leaſt be civil to the Wretch imploring;
And lay your Paws upon him, without roaring:
Suppoſe our Poet was your Foe before;
Yet now, the Buſ'neſs of the Field is o'er;
'Tis Time to let your Civil-Wars alone,
When Troops are into Winter-Quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.
Take good Advice, and pleaſe your ſelves this Day;
No Matter from what Hands you have the Play.
Among good Fellows every Health will paſs,
That ſerves to carry round another Glaſs:
When, with full Bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Tho at the mighty Monarch you repine,
You grant him ſtill moſt Chriſtian in his Wine.
Thus far the Poet; but his Brains grow Addle;
And all the reſt is purely from this Noddle,

You've

You've ſeen young Ladies at the Senate-Door,
Prefer Petitions, and your Grace implore;
However Grave the Legiſlators were,
Their Cauſe went ne'er the worſe for being fair.
Reaſons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring;
But I cou'd bribe you with as good a thing,
I heard him make Advances of good Nature;
That he, for once, wou'd ſheath his cutting Satire;
Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The ſacred Names of Fops and Beaus profane.
Strike up the Bargain quickly; for I ſwear,
As Times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him with Statutes neither,
Be kind; and do not ſet your Teeth together,
To ſtretch the Laws, as Coblers do their Leather.
Horſes by Papiſts *are not to be ridden;*
But ſure the Muſes Horſe was ne'er forbidden.
For in no Rate-Book it was ever found
That Pegaſus *was valued at Five Pound:*
Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing;
And let him pay his Taxes out in Writing.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don Sebaſtian, King of *Portugal*.	Mr. *Williams*.
Muley-Moluch, Emperor of *Barbary*.	Mr. *Kynaſton*.
Dorax, a Noble *Portugueſe*, now a Renegade, formerly *Don Alonzo de Sylvera*, Alcade, or Governor of *Alcazar*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Benducar, Chief Miniſter, and Favourite to the Emperor.	Mr. *Sandford*.
The Mufti *Abdalla*.	Mr *Underhill*.
Muley-Zeydan, Brother to the Emperor.	Mr *wel.* Jun.
Don Antonio, a young, noble, amorous *Portugueſe*, now a Slave.	Mr. *Montford*.
Don Alvarez, an old Counſellor to *Don Sebaſtian*, now a Slave alſo.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Muſtapha, Captain of the Rabble.	Mr. *Leigh*.

WOMEN.

Almeyda, a Captive Queen of *Barbary*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Morayma, Daughter to the *Mufti*.	Mrs. *Montford*.
Johayma, Chief Wife to the *Mufti*.	Mrs. *Leigh*.

Two Merchants.

Rabble.

A Servant to *Benducar*.

A Servant to the *Mufti*.

SCENE in the Caſtle of *Alcazar*.

DON

DON SEBASTIAN, *King of* Portugal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE *at* Alcazar, *repreſenting a Market-Place under the Caſtle.*

Enter Muley-Zeydan, *and* Benducar.

Muley-Zeydan.

NOW *Africa*'s long Wars are at an end,
And our parch'd Earth is drench'd in Chriſtian Blood;
My conquering Brother will have Slaves enow
To pay his cruel Vows for Victory.
What hear you of *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal?*

Bend. He fell among a Heap of ſlaughter'd *Moors*;
Tho yet his mangled Carkaſs is not found.
The Rival of our threatned Empire, *Mahumet*,
Was hot purſu'd; and in the general Rout,
Miſtook a ſwelling Current for a Ford;

And in *Mucazar's* Flood was ſeen to riſe:
Thrice was he ſeen; at length his Courſer plung'd,
And threw him off; the Waves whelm'd over him,
And helpleſs in his heavy Arms he drown'd.

Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then a doubtful Title is extinguiſh'd:
Thus *Meluch*, ſtill the Favourite of Fate,
Swims in a ſanguine Torrent to the Throne:
As if our Prophet only work'd for him;
The Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Servants,
As *Muley-Zeydan* were not worth their Care,
And younger Brothers but the Draff of Nature.

Bend. Be ſtill, and learn the ſoothing Arts of Court;
Adore his Fortune, mix with flattering Crouds,
And when they praiſe him moſt, be you the loudeſt;
Your Brother is luxurious, cloſe, and cruel,
Generous by Fits, but permanent in Miſchief.
The Shadow of a Diſcontent wou'd ruin us;
We muſt be ſafe before we can be great:
Theſe things obſerv'd, leave me to ſhape the reſt.

Mul. Zeyd. You have the Key; he opens inward to you.

Bend. So often try'd, and ever found ſo true,
Has given me Truſt, and Truſt has given me Means
Once to be falſe for all. I truſt not him:
For now his Ends are ſerv'd, and he grown abſolute,
How am I ſure to ſtand who ſerv'd thoſe Ends?
I know your Nature open, mild, and grateful;
In ſuch a Prince the People may be bleſt,
And I be ſafe.

Mul. Zeyd. My Father! [*Embracing him.*

Bend. My future King, (auſpicious *Muley-Zeydan*)
Shall I adore you? No, the Place is publick;
I worſhip you within, the outward Act
Shall be reſerv'd till Nations follow me,
And Heaven ſhall envy you the kneeling World.
You know th' Alcade of *Alcazar*, *Dorax*?

Mul. Zeyd. The gallant Renegade you mean?

Bend. The ſame:
That gloomy Outſide, like a ruſty Cheſt,
Contains the ſhining Treaſure of a Soul,
Reſolv'd and brave; he has the Soldiers Hearts,
And Time ſhall make him ours.

Mul. Zeyd. He's juſt upon us. *Bend.*

Bend. I know him from afar,
By the long Stride and by the ſullen Port:
Retire my Lord.
Wait on your Brother's Triumph, yours is next,
His Growth is but a wild and fruitleſs Plant,
I'll cut his barren Branches to the Stock,
And graft you on to bear.

Mul. Zeyd. My Oracle! [*Exit* Mul. Zeyd.

Bend. Yes to delude your Hopes, poor credulous Fool,
To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit
Of ſo much Toil, ſuch Guilt, and ſuch Damnation;
If I am damn'd it ſhall be for my ſelf:
This eaſy Fool muſt be my Stale, ſet up
To catch the Peoples Eyes; he's tame and merciful,
Him I can manage, till I make him odious
By ſome unpopular Act, and then dethrone him.

Enter Dorax.

Now *Dorax!*

Dor. Well *Bemboucar!*

Bend. Bare *Bemboucar!*

Dor. Thou wouldſt have Titles, take 'em then, Chief [Miniſter,
Firſt Hangman of the State.

Bend. Some call me Favourite.

Dor. What's that, his Minion?
Thou art too old to be a Catamite!
Now prithee tell me, and abate thy Pride,
Is not *Benducar* bare, a better Name
In a Friend's Mouth, than all thoſe gaudy Titles,
Which I diſdain to give the Man I love?

Bend. But always out of Humour———

Dor. I have Cauſe:
Tho all Mankind is Cauſe enough for Satire.

Bend. Why then thou haſt reveng'd thee on Mankind;
They ſay in Fight, thou hadſt a thirſty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.

Dor. I ſpitted Frogs, I cruſh'd a Heap of Emmets,
A Hundred of 'em to a ſingle Soul,
And that but ſcanty Weight too: The great Devil
Scarce thank'd me for my Pains; he ſwallows Vulgar
Like whipp'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.

Bend. Brave Renegade! cou'dſt thou not meet *Sebaſtian?*
Thy Maſter had been worthy of thy Sword.
Dor. My Maſter? By what Title?
Becauſe I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be King? And yet I ſerv'd him,
Nay, I was Fool enough to love him too.
You know my Story, how I was rewarded
For fifteen hard Campaigns, ſtill hoop'd in Iron,
And why I turn'd *Mahometan:* I'm grateful;
But whoſoever dares to injure me,
Let that Man know, I dare to be reveng'd.
Bend. Still you run off from Biaſs; ſay what moves
Your preſent Spleen?
Dor. You mark'd not what I told you;
I kill'd not one that was his Maker's Image;
I met with none but vulgar two-legg'd Brutes,
Sebaſtian was my Aim; he was a Man:
Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I muſt do him Right; he was a Man,
Above Man's Height, ev'n tow'ring to *Divinity*;
Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal:
Juſt, as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seaſons,
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd:
And thence proceeds my mortal Hatred to him,
That thus unblameable to all beſides
He err'd to me alone:
His Goodneſs was diffus'd to human Kind,
And all his Cruelty confin'd to me.
Bend. You cou'd not meet him then?
Dor. No, though I ſought
Where Ranks fell thickeſt; 'twas indeed the Place
To ſeek *Sebeſtian:* Through a Track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Foes,
But ſtill I came too late, for he was flown
Like Lightning, ſwift before me to new Slaughters,
I mow'd a-croſs, and made irregular Harveſt,
Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain,
For he was ſtill ſupplying Death elſewhere:
This mads me, that perhaps ignoble Hands
Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer:

Mur-

Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone
Had Right to ſlay; I too wou'd have been ſlain,
That catching hold upon his flitting Ghoſt,
I might have robb'd him of his opening Heav'n;
And drag'd him down with me, ſpite of Predeſtination.

Bend. 'Tis of as much Import as *Africa*'s Worth,
To know what came of him, and of *Almeyda*,
The Siſter of the vanquiſh'd *Mahumet*,
Whoſe fatal Beauty to her Brother drew
The Land's third Part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'ns.

Dor. I hope ſhe dy'd in her own Female Calling,
Choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumciſion.
As for *Sebaſtian*, we muſt ſearch the Field,
And where we ſee a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below,
There he ſhall find him at his Manly Length,
With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument,
Which his true Sword has digg'd.

Bend. Yet we may poſſibly hear farther News;
For while our *Africans* purſu'd the Chaſe,
The Captain of the Rabble iſſued out,
With a black Shirtleſs Train to ſpoil the Dead,
And ſeize the Living.

Dor. Each of 'em an Hoſt,
A Million ſtrong of Vermin ev'ry Villain:
No Part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,
Chaos of Power, and privileg'd Deſtruction.

Bend. Yet I muſt tell you Friend, the Great muſt uſe
Sometimes as neceſſary Tools of Tumult. ['em,

Dor. I wou'd uſe 'em
Like Dogs in Times of Plague, Out-Laws of Nature,
Fit to be ſhot and brain'd, without a Proceſs,
To ſtop Infection, that's their proper Death.

Bend. No more,
Behold the Emperor coming to ſurvey
The Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.

Enter Muley-Moluch *the Emperor, with Attendants.*
The Mufti, *and* Muley-Zeydan.

Mol. Our Armours now may ruſt, our idle Scymiters
Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Uſe:

Children ſhall beat our Atabals and Drums,
And all the noiſy Trades of War, no more
Shall wake the peaceful Morn: The *Xeriffs* Blood
No longer in divided Channels runs,
The younger Houſe took End in *Mahumet*.
Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian*'s formidable Name
Be longer us'd, to lull the crying Babe!

Muf. For this Victorious Day our mighty Prophet
Expects your Gratitude, the Sacrifice
Of Chriſtian Slaves, devoted, if you won.

Mol. The Purple Preſent ſhall be richly paid:
That Vow perform'd, Faſting ſhall be aboliſh'd:
None ever ſerv'd Heav'n well with a ſtarv'd Face:
Preach Abſtinence no more; I tell thee *Mufti*,
Good Feaſting is devout: And thou our Head,
Haſt a religious, ruddy Countenance:
We will have learned Luxury; our lean Faith
Gives Scandal to the *Chriſtians*: they feed high:
Then look for Shoals of Converts, when thou haſt
Reform'd us into Feaſting.

Muf. Faſting is but the Letter of the Law:
Yet it ſhews well to preach it to the Vulgar.
Wine is againſt our Law, that's literal too,
But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides:
Wine is a holy Liquor for the Great.

Dor. [*aſide*] This *Mufti* in my Conſcience is ſome *Engliſh* Renegade, he talks ſo ſavourily of Toping.

Mol. Bring forth th' unhappy Relicks of the War.

Enter Muſtapha *Captain of the Rabble, with his Followers of the Black-Guard, &c. and other* Moors: *With them a Company of* Portugueſe *Slaves, without any of the chief Perſons.*

Mul. Mol. Theſe are not fit to pay an Emperor's Vow;
Our Bulls and Rams had been more noble Victims;
Theſe are but Garbidge, not a Sacrifice.

Muf. The Prophet muſt not pick and chuſe his Offrings;
Now he has given the Day, 'tis paſt recalling:
And he muſt be content with ſuch as theſe. [Maſters.

Mul. Mol. But are theſe all? Speak you that are their

Muſt. All upon my Honour: If you'll take 'em as their Fathers got 'em, ſo. If not, you muſt ſtay till they get

a

a better Generation: Theſe *Chriſtians* are mere Bunglers; they procreate nothing but out of their own Wives; and theſe have all the Looks of eldeſt Sons.

Muley-Mol. Pain of your Lives let none conceal a Slave.

Muſt. Let every Man look to his own Conſcience, I am ſure mine ſhall never hang me.

Bend. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if thou wert privy to Concealments: Then thou art an Accomplice.

Muſt. Nay, if Accomplices muſt ſuffer, it may go hard with me; but here's the Devil on't, there's a great Man, and a holy Man too concern'd with me. Now if I confeſs, he'll be ſure to eſcape between his Greatneſs and his Holineſs, and I ſhall be murder'd, becauſe of my Poverty and Raſcality.

Muſ. [*winking at him.*]Then if thy Silence ſave the great [and holy,
'Tis ſure thou ſhalt go ſtreight to *Paradiſe.*

Muſt. 'Tis a fine Place they ſay; but Doctor, I am not worthy on't: I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough for ſuch a poor raſcally *Muſſulman* as I am: Beſides I have learnt ſo much good Manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be ſerv'd before me.

Muley-Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if the *Mufty* were concern'd.

Muſt. Your Majeſty may lay your Soul on't: But for my part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I ſcorn to be trick'd into *Paradiſe*, I wou'd he ſhou'd know it. The Truth on't is, an't like you, his Reverence bought of me the Flower of all the Market; theſe—theſe are but Dogs Meat to 'em; and a round Price he pay'd me too, I'll ſay that for him; but not enough for me to venture my Neck for: If I get *Paradiſe* when my Time comes, I can't help my ſelf; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind Bargain.

Muley-Mol. Where are thoſe Slaves? produce 'em.

Muſ. They are not what he ſays.

Muley-Mol. No more Excuſes. [*One goes out to fetch them.*
Know thou mayſt better dally
With a dead Prophet, than a living King.

Muſ. I but reſerv'd 'em to preſent thy Greatneſs,
An Offering worthy thee.

Muſt. By the ſame Token there was a dainty Virgin,

(Virgin ſaid I! but I wo'nt be too poſitive of that neither) with a roguiſh leering Eye! he paid me down upon the Nail a thouſand golden *Sultanins*; or he had never had her, I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay ſo dear for ſuch a delicious Morſel, and give it away out of his own Mouth; when it had ſuch a Farewell with it too?

Enter Sebaſtian *conducted in mean Habit, with* Alvarez, Antonio *and* Almeyda, *her Face veil'd with a* Barnus.

Muley-Mol. Ay; Theſe look like the Workmanſhip of Heav'n:
This is the Porcelain Clay of human Kind,
And therefore caſt into theſe noble Molds.

Dorax *aſide, while the Emperor whiſpers* Benducar.

By all my Wrongs
'Tis he; Damnation ſeize me but 'tis he!
My Heart heaves up and ſwells; he's Poiſon to me;
My injur'd Honour, and my raviſh'd Love
Bleed at their Murderer's Sight.

Benducar *to* Dorax *aſide.* The Emperor wou'd learn theſe Pris'ners Names;
You know 'em.

Dor. Tell him, no;
And trouble me no more——I will not know 'em.
Shall I truſt Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd [*Aſide.*
With my Revenge? Then, where's my Satisfaction?
No, it muſt be my own; I ſcorn a Proxy.

Muley-Mol. 'Tis decreed,
Theſe of a better Aſpect, with the reſt
Shall ſhare one common Doom, and Lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd Captive put a Ball
Into an Urn, three only black be there,
The reſt, all white, are ſafe.

Muf. Hold Sir, the Woman muſt not draw.

Muley-Mol. O *Mufti*,
We know your Reaſon, let her ſhare the Danger.

Muf. Our Law ſays plainly Women have no Souls.

Muley-Mol. 'Tis true; their Souls are mortal, ſet her by:
Yet were *Almeyda* here, tho Fame reports her
The faireſt of her Sex, ſo much unſeen,
I hate the Siſter of our Rival-Houſe,
Ten Thouſand ſuch dry Notions of our *Alcoran*
Shou'd not protect her Life; if not immortal:

Die as ſhe cou'd, all of a Piece, the better,
That none of her remain.

Here is an Urn brought in; the Pris'ners approach with great Concernment; and amongſt the reſt Sebaſtian, Alvarez *and* Antonio, *who come more chearfully.*

Dor. Poor abject Creatures, how they fear to die! [*Aſide.*
Theſe never knew one happy Hour in Life,
Yet ſhake to lay it down: Is Load ſo pleaſant?
Or has Heav'n hid the Happineſs of Death,
That Men may dare to live?——Now for our Heroes.
[*The Three approach.*
O, theſe come up with Spirits more reſolv'd!
Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him,
The Fav'rite once of this *Sebaſtian*'s Father;
Now Miniſter, (too honeſt for his Trade)
Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
In Age ill practis'd, yet his prop in Death.
O, he has drawn a black; and ſmiles upon't,
As who ſhould ſay, my Faith and Soul are white,
Tho my Lot ſwarthy: Now if there be hereafter,
He's bleſt; if not, well cheated, and dies pleas'd. (thee,
Anton. [*holding his Lot in his clench'd Hand*] Here I have
Be what thou wilt: I will not look too ſoon.
Thou haſt a colour; if thou prov'ſt not right,
I have a Minute good e'er I behold thee.
Now let me rowl and grubble thee.
Blind Men ſay White feels ſmooth, and Black feels rough;
Thou haſt a rugged Skin; I do not like thee.

Dor. There's the amorous airy Spark, *Antonio*;
The wittieſt Woman's Toy in *Portugal.*
Lord, what a loſs of Treats and Serenades!
The whole She Nation will be in Mourning for him.

Anton. I've a moiſt ſweaty Palm; the more's my Sin;
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious
Damn'd Natural Ebony, there's hopes in rubbing.
To waſh this *Æthiope* white,——(*Looks*) Pox of the
As black as Hell: another lucky Saying! (Proverb!
I think the Devil's in me;——good again,
I cannot ſpeak one Syllable, but tends
To Death or to Damnation. [*Holds up his Ball.*

Do

Dor. He looks uneaſy at his future Journey, [*Aſide.*
And wiſhes his Boots off again; for fear
Of a bad Road, and a worſe Inn at Night.
Go to bed, Fool, and take ſecure Repoſe,
For thou ſhalt wake no more. [Sebaſtian *comes up to draw.*

M. M. to *Ben.* Mark him who now appoaches to the
He looks ſecure of Death, ſuperior Greatneſs, [Lott'ry,
Like *Jove* when he made Fate, and ſaid, thou art
The Slave of my Creation; I admire him.

Bend. He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
That ſcorns his brittle Corps, and ſeems aſham'd
He's not all Spirit, his Eyes with a dumb Pride
Accuſing Fortune that he fell not warm;
Yet now diſdains to live. [Sebaſt. *draws a Black.*

M. Mol. He has his Wiſh;
And I have fail'd of mine!

Dor. Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial chance. [*Aſide.*
Fine work above, that their anointed Care
Shou'd die ſuch little Death; or did his Genius
Know mine the ſtronger *Dæmon*, fear'd the grapple,
And looking round him, found this nook of Fate
To skulk behind my Sword? ſhall I diſcover him?
Still he wou'd not die mine: no thanks to my
Revenge: reſerv'd but to more Royal Shambles.
'Twere baſe too; and below thoſe vulgar Souls,
That ſhar'd his Danger, yet not one diſclos'd him;
But ſtruck with Reverence kept an awful Silence.
I'll ſee no more of this; Dog of a Prophet! [*Exit* Dorax.

Mul. Mol. One of theſe three is a whole Hecatomb;
And therefore only one of 'em ſhall die.
The reſt are but mute Cattle; and when Death
Comes like a ruſhing Lion, couch like Spaniels,
With lolling Tongues, and tremble at the Paw:
Let Lots again decide it.

[*The Three draw again: and the Lot falls on* Sebaſtian.

Sebaſt. Then there's no more to manage! if I fall,
It ſhall be like my ſelf; a ſetting Sun
Shou'd leave a track of Glory in the Skies.
Behold *Sebaſtian* King of *Portugal.*

M. Mol. Sebaſtian! ha! it muſt be he; no other

Cou'd

Cou'd repreſent ſuch ſuffering Majeſty:
I ſaw him, as he terms himſelf, a Sun
Struggling in dark Eclipſe, and ſhooting Day
On either ſide of the black Orb that veil'd him.
Sebaſt. Not leſs ev'n in this deſpicable now,
Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights,
And froze your Hearts beneath your torrid Zone.
Bend. to *M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! even to an Im-
Of Greatneſs. (pudence
Sebaſt. Here ſatiate all your Fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield
Can take in all; and verge enough for more.
I wou'd have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of Land for a third World;
To give my looſen'd Subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I Fate's: Now I have pleas'd my longing,
And trod the Ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mouldring Clay:
For if you give it Burial, there it takes
Poſſeſſion of your Earth:
If burnt and ſcatter'd in the Air, the Winds
That ſtrow my Duſt, diffuſe my Royalty,
And ſpread me o'er your Clime: for where one Atom
Of mine ſhall light, know there *Sebaſtian* reigns.
M. Mol. What ſhall I do to conquer thee?
Seb. Impoſſible!
Souls know no Conquerors.
M. M. I'll ſhew thee for a Monſter thro my *Africk*.
Seb. No, thou canſt only ſhew me for a Man:
Africk is ſtor'd with Monſters; Man's a Prodigy
Thy Subjects have not ſeen.
M. Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if
Still at the head of Battel.
Seb. Thou miſtak'ſt,
For then I wou'd not talk.
Bend. Sure he wou'd ſleep. (riſe;
Seb. Till Dooms-day; when the Trumpet ſounds to
For that's a Soldier's Call.

M. Mol.

M. Mol. Thou'rt brave too late;
Thou ſhouldſt have dy'd in Battel like a Soldier.
Seb. I fought and fell like one, but Death deceiv'd me;
I wanted weight of feeble *Moors* upon me,
To cruſh my Soul out.
M. Mol. Still untameable!
In what a Ruin has thy head-ſtrong Pride,
And boundleſs thirſt of Empire, plung'd thy People!
Seb. What ſay'ſt thou? ha! No more of that.
M. Mol. Behold,
What Carcaſes of thine thy Crimes have ſtrew'd,
And left our *Africk* Vultures to devour.
Bend. Thoſe Souls were thoſe thy God intruſted with (thee,
To cheriſh, not deſtroy.
Seb. Witneſs, O Heaven, how much
This ſight concerns me! Wou'd I had a Soul
For each of theſe; how gladly wou'd I pay
The Ranſom down: But ſince I have but one,
'Tis a King's Life, and freely 'tis beſtow'd.
Not your falſe Prophet, but eternal Juſtice
Has deſtin'd me the Lot, to die for theſe:
'Tis fit a Sovereign ſo ſhould pay ſuch Subjects;
For Subjects ſuch as they, are ſeldom ſeen,
Who not forſook me at my greateſt need;
Nor for baſe Lucre ſold their Loyalty,
But ſhar'd my Danger to the laſt Event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own: Theſe Thanks I pay you:
[*Wipes his Eyes.*
And know, that when *Sebaſtian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood.
M. Mol. They plead too ſtrongly
To be withſtood: My Clouds are gathering too,
In kindly mixture with his Royal Show'r:
Be ſafe and owe thy Life, not to my Gift,
But to the Greatneſs of thy Mind, *Sebaſtian:*
Thy Subjects too ſhall live; a due Reward
For their untainted Faith, in thy Concealment.
Muſ. Remember, Sir, your Vow. [*A general Shout.*
M. Mol. Do thou remember
Thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not Blood.

Mul.

Mul. Zeyd. One of his generous Fits, too ſtrong to laſt.
[*Aſide to* Benducar.

Bend. The *Mufti* reddens, mark that holy Cheek. [*To him.*
He frets within, froths Treaſon at his Mouth,
And churns it thro his Teeth; leave me to work him.

Seb. A Mercy unexpected, undeſir'd,
Surprizes more: You've learnt the Art to vanquiſh:
You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you, Sir)
Have giv'n me Life but in my Subjects Safety:
Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.

M. Mol. Still great, and grateful, that's thy Character.
Unveil the Woman; I would view the Face
That warm'd our *Mufti*'s Zeal:
Theſe pious Parrots peck the faireſt Fruit:
Such Taſters are for Kings.
[*Officers go to* Almeyda *to unveil her.*

Alm. Stand off, ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

M. Mol. Slave is thy Title: Force her.

Seb. On your Lives approach her not.

M. Mol. How's this!

Seb. Sir, pardon me,
And hear me ſpeak.——

Alm. Hear me; I will be heard:
I am no Slave; the nobleſt Blood of *Africk*
Runs in my Veins; a purer Stream than thine;
For, tho deriv'd from the ſame Source, thy Current
Is puddl'd and defil'd with Tyranny.

M. Mol. What Female Fury have we here!

Alm. I ſhou'd be one,
Becauſe of kin to thee: Wou'dſt thou be touch'd
By the preſuming Hands of ſaucy Grooms?
The ſame Reſpect, nay more, is due to me:
More for my Sex; the ſame for my Deſcent.
Theſe Hands are only fit to draw the Curtain.
Now, if thou dar'ſt, behold *Almeyda*'s Face. [*Unveils herſelf.*

Bend. Wou'd I had never ſeen it! [*Aſide.*

Alm. She whom thy *Mufti* tax'd to have no Soul;
Let *Africk* now be Judge;
Perhaps thou think'ſt I meanly hope to 'ſcape,
As did *Sebaſtian* when he own'd his Greatneſs.

But

But to remove that Scruple, know, baſe Man,
My murder'd Father, and my Brother's Ghoſt
Still haunt this Breaſt, and prompt it to Revenge.
Think not I cou'd forgive, nor dare thou pardon.

M. M. Wou'dſt thou revenge thee, Trait'reſs, hadſt thou Power?

Alm. Traitor, I wou'd; the Name's more juſtly thine:
Thy Father was not more than mine the Heir
Of this large Empire; but with Arms united
They fought their way, and ſeiz'd the Crown by force:
And equal as their Danger was their Share:
For where was Elderſhip, where none had Right
But that which Conqueſt gave? 'Twas thy Ambition
Pull'd from my peaceful Father what his Sword
Help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom,
No Provocation given, no War declar'd.

M. Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living Coal, that burning in me
Wou'd flame to Vengeance, cou'd it find a Vent:
My Brother too, that lies yet ſcarcely cold
In his deep watry Bed: My wandring Mother,
Who in Exile died.
O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee Work; ſtill, ſtill, thou Tyrant,
And hiſs thee with the laſt.

M. Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over me:
Whether the Toils of Battel, unrepair'd
With due Repoſe, or other ſudden Qualm.
Benducar do the Reſt. [*Goes off, the Court follows him.*

Bend. Strange! in full health! This Pang is of the Soul;
The Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
Conduct theſe Royal Captives to the Caſtle;
Bid *Dorax* uſe 'em well, till further order. [*Going off, ſtops.*
The inferior Captives their firſt Owners take,
To ſell, or to diſpoſe——You *Muſtapha*,
Set ope the Market for the Sale of Slaves. [*Exit* Bend.

The Maſters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of ſeveral Qualities come in and chaffer about the ſeveral Owners, who make their Slaves do Tricks.

Muſt.

Muſt. My Chattels are come into my Hands again, and my Conſcience will ſerve me to ſell 'em twice over; any price now, before the *Muſti* comes to claim 'em.

1*ſt Mer.* [*to* Muſt.] What doſt hold that old Fellow at? [*Pointing to* Alvarez.
He's tough, and has no Service in his Limbs.

Muſt. I confeſs he's ſomewhat tough; but I ſuppoſe you wou'd not boyl him. I ask for him a thouſand Crowns.

1*ſt Mer.* Thou mean'ſt a thouſand Marvedi's.

Muſt. Prithee, Friend, give me leave to know my own Meaning.

1*ſt Mer.* What Virtues has he to deſerve that Price?

Muſt. Marry come up, Sir! Virtues quoth a! I took him in the King's Company; he's of a great Family, and rich; what other Virtues wouldſt thou have in a Nobleman?

1*ſt Mer.* I buy him with another Man's Purſe, that's my Comfort.
My Lord *Dorax* the Governour will have him at any rate:—
There's Handſel.
Come, old Fellow, to the Caſtle.

Alvar. To what is miſerable Age reſerv'd! [*Aſide.*
But oh the King! and oh the fatal Secret!
Which I have kept thus long to time it better,
And now I wou'd diſcloſe, 'tis paſt my Power.
[*Exit with his Maſter.*

Muſt. Something of a Secret, and of the King I heard him mutter: A Pimp I'll warrant him, for I am ſure he is an old Courtier.
Now to put off t'other Remnant of my Merchandize,——
Stir up Sirrah. [*To* Antonio.

Ant. Dog, what woud'ſt thou have?

Muſt. Learn better Manners, or I ſhall ſerve you a Dog-trick; come down upon all four immediately;
I'll make you know your Rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horſe of me?

Muſt. Horſe or Aſs, that's as thy Mother made thee:—
But take earneſt in the firſt place for thy Saucineſs.
[*Laſhes him with his Whip.*
Be advis'd, Friend, and buckle to thy Geers: Behold my Enſign

Enſign of Royalty diſplay'd over thee.

Ant. I hope one day to uſe thee worſe in *Portugal.*

Muſt. Ay, and good reaſon, Friend; if thou catcheſt me a conquering on thy ſide of the Water, lay me on luſtily, I'll take it as kindly as thou doſt this.——

[*Holds up his Whip.*

Ant. [*lying down*] Hold my dear Thrum-cap: I obey thee cheerfully,
I ſee the Doctrine of Non-Reſiſtance is never practis'd thorowly, but when a Man can't help himſelf.

Enter a Second Merchant.

2*d Mer.* You, Friend, I wou'd ſee that Fellow do his Poſtures.

Muſt. [*bridling* Ant.] Now, Sirrah, follow, for you have Rope enough:
To your Paces, Villain, amble, trot, and gallop:——Quick about there.——Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your Credit.

[Antonio *follows at the end of the Bridle on his Hands and Feet, and does all his Poſtures.*

2*d Mer.* He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good Back; that's half in half. [*To* Muſtapha.] I wou'd ſee him ſtrip, has he no Diſeaſes about him?

Muſt. He's the beſt piece of Man's Fleſh in the Market, not an Eye ſore in his whole Body. Feel his Legs, Maſter, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind-gall.

[*Claps him on the Shoulder.*

Merchant, *feeling about him, and then putting his Hand on his ſide.*

Out upon him, how his Flank heaves! The Whorſon's broken-winded.

Muſt. Thick-breath'd a little; nothing but a ſorry Cold with lying out a Nights in Trenches; but ſound Wind and Limb, I warrant him.
Try him at a looſe Trot a little.

[*Puts the Bridle into his Hand, he ſtrokes him.*

Ant. For Heaven's ſake Owner ſpare me: you know I am but new broken.

2*d Mer.* 'Tis but a waſhy Jade, I ſee: What do you ask for this Bauble?

Muſt.

Muſt. Bauble do you call him? he's a ſubſtantial true-bred Beaſt; bravely forehanded: mark but the cleanneſs of his Shapes too; his Dam may be a Spaniſh Gennet, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no Skill in Horſe-fleſh:——

Marry I ask ſix hundred Xeriffs for him.

Enter Mufti.

Mufti. What's that you are asking, Sirrah?

Muſt. Marry I ask your Reverence ſix hundred Pardons; I was doing you a ſmall piece of Service here, putting off your Cattel for you.

Mufti. And putting the Money into your own Pocket.

Muſt. Upon vulgar Reputation, no my Lord, it was for your Profit and Emolument. What, wrong the Head of my Religion? I was ſenſible you would have damn'd me, or any Man that ſhould have injur'd you in a ſingle Farthing; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

Mufti. Sacrilege you mean, Sirrah,——and damning ſhall be the leaſt part of your Puniſhment: I have taken you in the manner, and will have the Law upon you.

Muſt. Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor Man in this World, and damn me in the next.

Mufti. No, Sirrah, ſo you may repent, and ſcape Puniſhment: Did not you ſell this very Slave amongſt the reſt to me, and take Money for him?

Muſt. Right, my Lord.

Mufti. And ſelling him again, take Money twice for the ſame Commodity? Oh, Villain!

But did you not know him to be my Slave, Sirrah?

Muſt. Why ſhould I lye to your Honour? I did know him; and thereupon ſeeing him wander about, took him up for a ſtray, and impounded him, with intention to reſtore him to the right Owner.

Mufti. And yet at the ſame time was ſelling him to another: How rarely the Story hangs together!

Muſt. Patience, my Lord.

I took him up, as your Herriot, with Intention to have made the beſt of him, and then have brought the whole Product of him in a Purſe to you; for I know you wou'd have ſpent half of it upon your pious Pleaſures,

have

have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in Charities to the Poor.

Mufti. And what's become of my other Slave? Thou haſt ſold him too, I have a villanous Suſpicion.

Muſt. I know you have, my Lord; but while I was managing this young robuſtious Fellow, that old Spark, who was nothing but Skin and Bone, and by conſequence very nimble, ſlipt thro my Fingers like an Eel, for there was no hold faſt of him, and ran away to buy himſelf a new Maſter.

Muſt. [*to* Ant.] Follow me home, Sirrah: [*to* Muſt.] I ſhall remember you ſome other time. [*Ex.* Muf. *with* Ant.

Muſt. I never doubted your Lordſhip's Memory, for an ill turn: And I ſhall remember him too in the next riſing of the Mobile, for this act of Reſumption; and more eſpecially for the ghoſtly Counſel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my ſelf in ſilence, to have ſav'd his Reverence. The beſt on't is, I am beforehand with him, for ſelling one of his Slaves twice over.——— And if he had not come juſt in the nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what ſhould a poor Man do that gets his living by hard Labour, but pray for bad Times when he may get it eaſily? O, for ſome incomparable Tumult! Then ſhould I naturally wiſh that the beaten Party might prevail; becauſe we have plunder'd t'other ſide already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own Intereſt pray,
'Tis ours to make our Fortune while we may;
For Kingdoms are not conquer'd every day.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Suppos'd to be a Terrace Walk, on the ſide of the Caſtle of Alcazar.

Enter Emperor *and* Benducar.

Emp. AND think'ſt thou not it was diſcover'd?

Bend. No:

The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,

The

The Walks of muffled Gods: Sacred Retreat,
Where none but whom they pleaſe t'admit, approach.
Emp. Did not my conſcious Eyes flaſh out a Flame
To lighten thoſe brown Horrors, and diſcloſe
The ſecret Path I trod?
Bend. I could not find it, till you lent a Clue
To that cloſe Labyrinth; how then ſhou'd they?
Emp. I wou'd be loth they ſhou'd: it breeds Contempt
For Herds to liſten, or preſume to pry,
When the hurt Lion groans within his Den:
But is't not ſtrange?
Bend. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in Kind,
Familiar as our Being.
Emp. Still 'tis ſtrange
To me: I know my Soul as wild as Wind,
That ſweeps the Deſarts of our moving Plains;
Love might as well be ſow'd upon our Sands,
As in a Breaſt ſo barren.
To love an Enemy, the only one
Remaining too, whom yeſter Sun beheld,
Muſt'ring her Charms, and rolling as ſhe paſt
By every Squadron her alluring Eyes;
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my Ruin.
The ſhouts of Soldiers, and the burſt of Cannon,
Maintain even ſtill a deaf and murm'ring Noiſe;
Nor is Heaven yet recover'd of the Sound
Her Battle rous'd: Yet ſpite of me, I love.
Bend. What then controuls you?
Her Perſon is as proſtrate as her Party.
Emp. A thouſand things controul this Conqueror:
My native Pride to own th' unworthy Paſſion,
Hazard of Intereſt, and my Peoples Love.
To what a Storm of Fate am I expos'd!
What if I had her murder'd? 'tis but what
My Subjects all expect, and ſhe deſerves.
Wou'd not the Impoſſibility
Of ever, ever ſeeing, or poſſeſſing,
Calm all this Rage, this Hurricane of Soul?
Bend. That ever, ever,

I mark'd the double, ſhows extream Reluctance
To part with her for ever.
Emp. Right, thou haſt me.
I wou'd, but cannot kill: I muſt enjoy her:
I muſt, and what I muſt, be ſure I will.
What's Royalty, but Power to pleaſe my ſelf?
And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,
And my own Slaves the Sovereigns,——'tis reſolv'd,
Weak Princes flatter when they want the Power
To curb their People; tender Plants muſt bend:
But when a Government is grown to ſtrength,
Like ſome old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,
It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to ſullen State.
Bend. Then you reſolve
T'implore her Pity, and to beg Relief?
Emp. Death, muſt I beg the pity of my Slave
Muſt a King beg? Yes, Love's a greater King;
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that poſſeſſes me:
He tunes the Organs of my Voice, and ſpeaks
Unknown to me within me; puſhes me,
And drives me on by force.——
Say I ſhou'd wed her, wou'd not my wiſe Subjects
Take check, and think it ſtrange? perhaps revolt?
Bend. I hope they wou'd not.
Emp. Then thou doubt'ſt they wou'd?
Bend. To whom?
Emp. To her
Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to thee. (I tremble!
Bend. [*in diſorder*] To me! me did you mention? how
The Name of Treaſon ſhakes my honeſt Soul.
If I am doubted, Sir,
Secure your ſelf this Moment, take my Life.
Emp. No more: If I ſuſpected thee——I wou'd.
Bend. I thank your Kindneſs: Guilt had almoſt loſt me. [*Aſide.*
Emp. But clear my Doubts: Think'ſt thou they may rebel?
Bend. This goes as I wou'd wiſh.—— [*Aſide.*
'Tis poſſible:
A ſecret Party ſtill remains, that lurks

Like

Like Embers rak'd in Aſhes——wanting but
A breath to blow aſide th' involving Duſt,
And then they blaze abroad,
Emp. They muſt be trampled out.
Bend. But firſt be known.
Emp. Torture ſhall force it from 'em.
Bend. You wou'd not put a Nation to the Rack?
Emp. Yes, the whole World; ſo I be ſafe, I care not.
Bend. Our Limbs and Lives
Are yours, but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.
Emp. All may be Foes; or how to be diſtinguiſh'd,
If ſome be Friends?
Bend. They may with eaſe be winnow'd;
Suppoſe ſome one who has deſerv'd your Truſt,
Some one who knows Mankind, ſhould be employ'd
To mix among 'em, ſeem a Malecontent,
And dive into their Breaſts, to try how far
They dare oppoſe your Love?
Emp. I like this well; 'tis wholeſom Wickedneſs.
Bend. Whomever he ſuſpects, he faſtens there,
And leaves no cranny of his Soul unſearch'd:
Then like a Bee bag'd with his honey'd Venom,
He brings it to your Hive: if ſuch a Man
So able and ſo honeſt may be found;
If not, my Project dies.——
Emp. By all my hopes thou haſt deſcrib'd thy ſelf:—
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine,
Thou only cou'dſt contrive.
Bend. Sure I cou'd ſerve you:
I think I could:——but here's the Difficulty,
I'm ſo entirely yours,
That I ſhould ſcurvily diſſemble Hate;
The Cheat would be too groſs.
Emp. Art thou a Stateſman,
And canſt not be a Hypocrite? Impoſſible:
Do not diſtruſt thy Virtues.
Bend. If I muſt perſonate this ſeeming Villain,
Remember 'tis to ſerve you.
Emp. No more Words:
ove goads me to *Almeyda*, all Affairs
Are troubleſom but that; and yet that moſt. [*Going.*

Bid

Bid *Dorax* treat *Sebaſtian* like a King;
I had forgot him;——but this Love mars all,
And takes up my whole Breaſt. [*Exit Emperor.*
Bend. [*to the Emp.*] Be ſure I'll tell him ——
With all the aggravating Circumſtances [*Alone.*
I can, to make him ſwell at that Command.
The Tyrant firſt ſuſpected me:
Then with a ſudden Guſt he whirl'd about,
And truſted me too far: Madneſs of Pow'r!
Now, by his own Conſent I ruin him.
For, ſhould ſome feeble Soul, for fear or gain,
Bolt out t'accuſe me, ev'n the King is cozen'd,
And thinks he's in the Secret.
How ſweet is Treaſon when the Traitor's ſafe!
Sees the Mufti *and* Dorax *entring, and ſeeming to conſer.*
The *Mufti*, and with him my ſullen *Dorax*:
That firſt is mine already.
'Twas eaſy Work to gain a covetous Mind,
Whom Rage to loſe his Pris'ners had prepar'd:
Now, caught himſelf.
He wou'd ſeduce another; I muſt help him:
For Church-men, tho they itch to govern all,
Are ſilly, woeful, awkard Politicians:
They make lame Miſchief, though they mean it well:
Their Int'reſt is not finely drawn, and hid,
But Seams are coarſly bungled up, and ſeen.
Muf. He'll tell you more.
Dor. I've heard enough already
To make me loath thy Morals.
Bend. to *Dor.* You ſeem warm;
The good Man's Zeal perhaps has gone too far.
Dor. Not very far; not farther than Zeal goes
Of courſe; a ſmall Day's Journey ſhort of Treaſon.
Muf. By all that's holy, Treaſon was not nam'd:
I ſpar'd the Emperor's broken Vows, to ſave
The Slaves from Death; tho it was cheating Heav'n,
But I forgave him that.
Dor. And ſlighted o'er [*Scornfully.*
The Wrongs himſelf ſuſtain'd in Property:
When his bought Slaves were ſeiz'd by Force, no Loſs

Of his conſider'd, and no Coſt repaid.
Muf. Not wholly ſlighted o'er, not abſolutely:
Some modeſt Hints of private Wrongs I urg'd.
Dor. Two Thirds of all he ſaid: There he began
To ſhew the Fulneſs of his Heart; there ended:
Some ſhort Excurſions of a broken Vow
He made indeed, but flat inſipid Stuff:
But when he made his Loſs the Theme, he flouriſh'd,
Reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures,
And thunder'd at oppreſſing Tyranny.
Muf. Why not, when Sacrilegious Pow'r wou'd ſeize
My Property? 'tis an Affront to Heav'n
Whoſe Perſon, tho unworthy, I ſuſtain.
Dor. You've made ſuch ſtrong Alliances above,
That 'twere Profaneneſs in us Laiety
To offer earthly Aid.
I tell thee, *Mufti*, if the World were wiſe,
They wou'd not wag one Finger in your Quarrels.
Your Heav'n you promiſe, but our Earth you covet:
The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were ſent by Preaching but to warm.
Bend. This goes beyond the Mark.
Muf. No, let him rail;
His Prophet works within him;
He's a rare Convert.
Dor. Now his Zeal yearns
To ſee me burnt; he damns me from his Church,
Becauſe I wou'd reſtrain him to his Duty:
Is not the Care of Souls a Load ſufficient?
Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly Noiſe,
To ſtudy Souls, their Cures and their Diſeaſes?
If this be ſo, we ask you but our own:
Give us your whole Employment, all your Care:
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up every Cranny of your Time,
And leave you much to anſwer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your Neglect.
Bend. [To the *Mufti.*] He ſpeaks but Reaſon.

Dor. Why then theſe foreign Thoughts of State-Employ-
Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding? [ments,
Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowſhip of bearded Boys,
What wonder is it if you know not Men?
Yet there you live demure, with down-caſt Eyes,
And humble as your Diſcipline requires:
But, when let looſe from thence to live at large,
Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:
Then Luxury ſucceeds, and ſet agog
With a new Scene of yet untaſted Joys,
You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feaſt.
Of all your College Virtues, nothing now
But your original Ignorance remains;
Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice,
You ſwell, to counſel Kings, and govern Kingdoms.

Muſ. He prates as if Kings had not Conſciences,
And none requir'd Directors but the Crowd.

Dor. As private Men they want you, not as Kings;
Nor wou'd you care t' inſpect their publick Conſcience,
But that it draws Dependencies of Pow'r,
And earthly Intereſt which you long to ſway:
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone;
For give you but a Foot of Conſcience there,
And you, like *Archimedes*, toſs the Globe.
We know your Thoughts of us that Laymen are,
Lag Souls, and Rubbiſh of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
Set upright with a little Puff of Breath,
And bid us paſs for Men.

Muſ. I will not anſwer,
Baſe foul-mouth'd Renegade; but I'll pray for thee,
To ſhew my Charity. [*Exit* Muſti.

Dor. Do; but forget not him who needs it moſt:
Allow thy ſelf ſome Share: He's gone too ſoon;
I had to tell him of his holy Jugglings;
Things that wou'd ſtartle Faith, and make us deem
Not this, or that, but all Religions falſe.

Bend. Our holy Orator has loſt the Cauſe: [*Aſide.*

But

But I ſhall yet redeem it.——[*To Dorax.*] Let him go;
For I have ſecret Orders from the Emperor,
Which none but you muſt hear: I muſt confeſs,
I cou'd have wiſh'd ſome other Hand had brought 'em.
When did you ſee your Pris'ner, great *Sebaſtian?*

Dor. You might as well have ask'd me, when I ſaw
A creſted Dragon, or a Baſilisk;
Both are leſs Poiſon to my Eyes and Nature.
He knows not I am I; nor ſhall he ſee me,
Till Time has perfected a lab'ring Thought,
That rowls within my Breaſt.

Bend. 'Twas my Miſtake:
I gueſs'd indeed that Time, and his Misfortunes,
And your returning Duty had effac'd
The Mem'ry of paſt Wrongs; they wou'd in me,
And I judg'd you as tame, and as forgiving.

Dor. Forgive him! no: I left my fooliſh Faith,
Becauſe it wou'd oblige me to Forgiveneſs.

Bend. I can't but grieve to find you obſtinate:
For you muſt ſee him; 'tis our Emp'ror's Will,
And ſtrict Command.

Dor. I laugh at that Command.

Bend. You muſt do more than ſee; ſerve, and reſpect him.

Dor. See, ſerve him, and reſpect, and after all
My yet uncancell'd Wrongs, I muſt do this!
But I forget my ſelf.

Bend. Indeed you do.

Dor. The Emp'ror is a Stranger to my Wrongs;
I need but tell my Story, to revoke
This hard Commiſſion.

Bend. Can you call me Friend,
And think I cou'd neglect to ſpeak, at full,
Th' Affronts you had from your ungrateful Maſter?

Dor. And yet enjoin'd my Service and Attendance?

Bend. And yet enjoin'd 'em both: Wou'd that were all;
He skrew'd his Face into a harden'd Smile,
And ſaid *Sebaſtian* knew to govern Slaves.

Dor. Slaves are the Growth of *Africk*, not of *Europe*:
By Heav'n, I will not lay down my Commiſſion;
Not at his Foot, I will not ſtoop ſo low;

But if there be a Part in all his Face
More ſacred than the reſt, I'll throw it there.

Bend. You may; but then you loſe all future Means
Of Vengeance on *Sebaſtian*, when no more
Alcade of this Fort.

Dor. That Thought eſcap'd me.

Bend. Keep your Command, and be reveng'd on both:
Nor ſooth your ſelf; you have no Pow'r t' affront him;
The Emp'ror's Love protects him from Inſults.
And he who ſpoke that proud, ill-natur'd Word,
Following the Bent of his impetuous Temper,
May force your Reconcilement to *Sebaſtian*:
Nay bid you kneel, and kiſs th' offending Foot,
That kick'd you from his Preſence.
But think not to divide their Puniſhment;
You cannot touch a Hair of loath'd *Sebaſtian*,
While *Muley-Moluch* lives.

Dor. What means this Riddle?

Bend. 'Tis out: There needs no *Oedipus* to ſolve it.
Our Emp'ror is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I ſcarce remember in his Reign, one Day
Paſs guiltleſs o'er his execrable Head.
He thinks the Sun is loſt that ſees not Blood:
When none is ſhed we count it Holiday.
We, who are moſt in Favour, cannot call
This Hour our own:—you know the younger Brother,
Mild *Muley-Zeydan?*———

Dor. Hold, and let me think.

Bend. The Soldiers idolize you,
He truſts you with the Caſtle,
The Key of all his Kingdom.

Dor. Well; and he truſts you too.

Bend. Elſe I were mad,
To hazard ſuch a daring Enterprize.

Dor. He truſts us both; mark that, ſhall we betray him?
A Maſter, who repoſes Life and Empire
On our Fidelity: I grant he is a Tyrant,
That hated Name my Nature moſt abhors;
More, as you ſay, has loaded me with Scorn,
Ev'n with the laſt Contempt, to ſerve *Sebaſtian*.

Yet

Yet more I know he vacates my revenge;
Which but by this Revolt I cannot compaſs:
But, while he truſts me, 'twere ſo baſe a Part
To fawn, and yet betray; I ſhou'd be hiſs'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.

Bend. Conſider well what I have done for you.

Dor. Conſider thou what thou wou'dſt have me do.

Bend. You've too much Honour for a Renegade.

Dor. And thou too little Faith to be a Fav'rite.
Is not the Bread thou eat'ſt, the Robe thou wear'ſt,
Thy Wealth and Honours, all the pure Indulgence
Of him thou wouldſt deſtroy?
And wou'd his Creature, nay, his Friend betray him?
Why then no Bond is left on human Kind:
Diſtruſts, Debates, immortal Striſes enſue;
Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;
All muſt be Rapine, Wars and Deſolation,
When Truſt and Gratitude no longer bind.

Bend. Well have you argued in your own Defence;
You, who have burſt aſunder all thoſe Bonds,
And turn'd a Rebel to your native Prince.

Dor. True, I rebell'd: But when did I betray?
Indignities, which Man cou'd nor ſupport,
Provok'd my Vengeance to this noble Crime:
But he had ſtripp'd me firſt of my Command,
Diſmiſs'd my Services, and abſolv'd my Faith;
And, with diſdainful Language, dar'd my worſt.
I but accepted War, which he denounc'd.
Elſe had you ſeen, not *Dorax*, but *Alonzo*,
With his couch'd Lance againſt your foremoſt *Moors*,
Perhaps too turn'd the Fortune of the Day;
Made *Africk* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.

Bend. Let me embrace thee.

Dor. Stand off Scycophant,
And keep Infection diſtant.

Bend. Brave and honeſt.

Dor. In ſpite of thy Temptations.

Bend. Call 'em Tryals:
They were no more: Thy Faith was held in Balance,
And nicely weigh'd by Jealouſy of Pow'r,

Vaſt was the Truſt of ſuch a Royal Charge;
And our wiſe Emperor might juſtly fear
Sebaſtian might be freed and reconcil'd,
By new Obligements, to thy former Love.

Dor. I doubt thee ſtill; thy Reaſons were too ſtrong,
And driven too near the Head, to be but Artifice:
And after all, I know thou art a Stateſman,
Where Truth is rarely found.

Bend. Behold the Emperor;

Enter Emperor, Sebaſtian, *and* Almeyda.

Ask him, I beg thee, to be juſtify'd,
If he employ'd me not to foord thy Soul,
And try the Footing whether falſe or firm.

Dor. Death to my Eyes, I ſee *Sebaſtian* with him!
Muſt he be ſerv'd! avoid him, if we meet,
It muſt be like the Cruſh of Heav'n and Earth,
T' involve us both in Ruin. [*Exit.*

Bend. 'Twas a bare ſaving Game I made with *Dorax*,
But better ſo than loſt; he cannot hurt me,
That I precaution'd; I muſt ruin him.
But now this Love; ay, there's the gath'ring Storm!
The Tyrant muſt not wed *Almeyda*; no,
That ruins all the Fabrick I am raiſing.
Yet ſeeming to approve it gave me Time,
And gaining Time gains all.

[Benducar *goes and waits behind the Emperor.*

The Emperor, Sebaſtian, *and* Almeyda *advance to the Front of the Stage: Guards and Attendants.*

Emp. to *Seb.* I bade 'em ſerve you, and if they obey not,
I keep my Lions keen within their Dens,
To ſtop their Maws with diſobedient Slaves.

Seb. If I had conquer'd,
They cou'd not have with more Obſervance waited:
Their Eyes, Hands, Feet,
Are all ſo quick, they ſeem t'have but one Motion,
To catch my flying Words. Only the *Alcade*
Shuns me, and with a grim Civility
Bows, and declines my Walks.

Emp. A Renegade!
I know no more of him: But that he's brave,

And

And hates your Chriſtian Sect. If you can frame
A farther Wiſh, give wing to your Deſires,
And name the thing you want.
Seb. My Liberty:
For were ev'n Paradiſe it ſelf my Priſon,
Still I ſhou'd long to leap the Cryſtal Walls.
Emp. Sure our two Souls have ſomewhere been ac-
In former Beings: Or ſtruck out together, (quainted
One Spark to *Africk* flew, and one to *Portugal.*
Expect a quick Deliverance: [*turning to* Almeyda.] Here's
Of Kindred Soul to both: Pity our Stars (a third,
Have made us Foes! I ſhou'd not wiſh her Death.
Alm. I ask no Pity; if I thought my Soul
Of Kin to thine, ſoon wou'd I rend my Heart-ſtrings,
And tear out that Alliance: But thou Viper
Haſt cancell'd Kindred, made a Rent in Nature,
And thro her holy Bowels gnaw'd thy way,
Thro thy own Blood to Empire.
Emp. This again:
And yet ſhe lives, and only lives t' upbraid me.
Seb. What Honour is there in a Woman's Death!
Wrong'd as ſhe ſays, but helpleſs to Revenge;
Strong in her Paſſion, impotent of Reaſon,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be deſtroy'd.
Mark her Majeſtick Fabrick; ſhe's a Temple
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine;
Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there:
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.
Emp. She's all that thou canſt ſay, or I can think.
But the Perverſeneſs of her clam'rous Tongue
Strikes Pity deaf.
Seb. Then only hear her Eyes;
Tho they are mute, they plead; nay more, command;
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Power.
All Females have Prerogative of Sex,
The Shees even of the ſalvage Herd are ſafe:
All when they ſnarl or bite, have no Return
But Courtſhip from the Male.
Emp. Were She not She, and I not *Muley-Moluch,*
She's Miſtreſs of inevitable Charms,

For all but me; nor am I ſo exempt,
But that——I know not what I was to ſay——
But I am too obnoxious to my Friends,
And ſway'd by your Advice.

Seb. Sir, I adviſ'd not,
By Heav'n, I never counſell'd Love but Pity.

Emp. By Heav'n thou didſt: Deny it not, thou didſt:
For what was all that Prodigality
Of Praiſe, but to enſlave me!——

Seb. Sir——

Emp. No more:
Thou haſt convinc'd me, that ſhe's worth my Love.

Seb. Was ever Man ſo ruin'd by himſelf? [*Aſide.*

Al. Thy Love; that odious Mouth was never fram'd
To ſpeak a Word ſo ſoft:
Name Death again, for that thou canſt pronounce
With horrid Grace, becoming of a Tyrant.
Love is for human Hearts, and not for thine,
Where the brute Beaſt extinguiſhes the Man.

Emp. Such if I were, yet rugged Lions love,
And grapple, and compel their ſalvage Dames.——
Mark my *Sebaſtian*, how that ſullen Frown, [*She frowns.*
Like flaſhing Lightning, opens angry Heaven;
And while it kills, delights. But yet, inſult not
Too ſoon, proud Beauty, I confeſs no Love.

Seb. No Sir, I ſaid ſo, and I witneſs for you:
Not Love, but noble Pity mov'd your Mind:
Int'reſt might urge you too to ſave her Life;
For thoſe who wiſh her Party loſt, might murmur
At ſhedding Royal Blood.

Emp. Right, thou inſtruct'ſt me;
Int'reſt of State requires not Death, but Marriage,
T'unite the jarring Titles of our Line.

Seb. Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead, [*Aſide.*
Like Wildfire thrown againſt the Winds, returns
With double Force to burn me.

Emp. Cou'd I but bend, to make my beauteous Foe
The Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed——

Alm. Still thou diſſembleſt; but I read thy Heart,
And know the Power of my own Charms, thou lov'ſt,

And

And I am pleas'd for my Revenge thou doſt.
Emp. And thou haſt Cauſe.
Alm. I have, for I have Power to make thee wretched.
Be ſure I will, and yet deſpair of Freedom.
Emp. Well then, I love,——
And 'tis below my Greatneſs to diſown it:
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;
Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun,
Thro the parch'd Deſarts, and the ſcorching Sands,
T' enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd, to kill thee.
Alm. 'Tis a falſe Courage, when thou threatneſt me;
Thou canſt not ſtir a Hand to touch my Life:
Do not I ſee thee tremble while thou ſpeak'ſt?
Lay by thy Lion's Hide, vain Conqueror,
And take the Diſtaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.
Emp. Confuſion! How thou view'ſt my very Heart!
I cou'd as ſoon
Stop a Spring Tide, blown in, with my bare Hand,
As this impetuous Love;——Yes, I will wed thee;
In ſpite of thee, and of my ſelf, I will.
Alm. For what? to people *Africa* with Monſters,
Which that unnatural Mixture muſt produce?
No, were we join'd, ev'n tho it were in Death,
Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile,
The Prodigy of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided Flame ſhou'd break from thine.
Emp. Serpent, I will engender Poiſon with thee;
Join Hate with Hate, add Venom to the Birth;
Our Off-ſpring, like the Seed of Dragon's Teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to Death.
Alm. I'm calm again, thou canſt not marry me.
Emp. As Gleams of Sunſhine ſoften Storms to Showers,
So if you ſmile, the Loudneſs of my Rage
In gentle Whiſpers ſhall return, but this——
That nothing can divert my Love, but Death.
Alm. See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Chriſtian;
'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new Belief,
Wrongs I reſent, nor pardon yet with Eaſe:
Thoſe Fruits come late, and are of ſlow Increaſe
In haughty Hearts, like mine: Now, tell thy ſelf

If this one Word deſtroy not thy Deſign:
Thy Law permits thee not to marry me.
Emp. 'Tis but a ſpecious Tale, to blaſt my Hopes,
And baffle my Pretenſions. Speak *Sebaſtian*,
And as a King, ſpeak true.
Seb. Then, thus adjur'd,
On a King's Word 'tis Truth, but Truth ill-tim'd;
For her dear Life is now expos'd anew;
Unleſs you wholly can put on Divinity,
And graciouſly forgive.
Alm. Now learn by this,
The little Value I have left for Life,
And trouble me no more.
Emp. I thank thee, Woman;
Thou haſt reſtor'd me to my native Rage;
And I will ſeize my Happineſs by force.
Seb. Know *Muley-Moluch*, when thou dar'ſt attempt—
Emp. Beware, I would not be provok'd to uſe
A Conqueror's Right, and therefore charge thy Silence.
If thou wouldſt merit to be thought my Friend,
I leave thee to perſuade her to Compliance:
If not, there's a new Guſt in Raviſhment,
Which I have never try'd.
Bend. They muſt be watch'd; [*Aſide.*
For ſomething I obſerv'd creates a Doubt.
[*Exit* Emp. *and* Bend.
Seb. I've been too tame, have baſely born my Wrongs,
And not exerted all the King within me,
I heard him, O ſweet Heav'ns, he threat'ned Rape;
Nay, inſolently urg'd me to perſuade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes;
For whom I ſuffer Life, and drag this Being.
Alm. You turn my Priſon to a Paradiſe;
But I have turn'd your Empire to a Priſon;
In all your Wars good Fortune flew before you;
Sublime you ſat in Triumph on her Wheel;
Till in my fatal Cauſe your Sword was drawn,
The Weight of my Misfortunes dragg'd you down.
Seb. And is't not ſtrange, that Heav'n ſhould bleſs my Arms
In common Cauſes, and defert the beſt?

Now

Now in your greateſt, laſt Extremity,
When I wou'd aid you moſt, and moſt deſire it,
I bring but Sighs, the Succours of a Slave.
Alm. Leave then the Luggage of your Fate behind
To make your Flight more eaſy, leave *Almeyda*:
Nor think me left a baſe ignoble Prey,
Expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's Luſt;
My Virtue is a Guard beyond my Strength,
And Death, my laſt Defence, within my Call.
Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants can tie him up from your Relief:
Nor has a Chriſtian Privilege to die.
Alas thou art too young in thy new Faith;
Brutus and *Cato* might diſcharge their Souls,
And give them Furlo's for another World:
But we like Centries, are oblig'd to ſtand
In Starleſs Nights, and wait th' appointed Hour.
Alm. If ſhunning Ill be good
To thoſe who cannot ſhun it but by Death,
Divines but peep on undiſcover'd Worlds,
And draw the diſtant Landſcape as they pleaſe:
But who has e'er return'd from thoſe bright Regions,
To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws?
I'll venture landing on that happy Shore
With an unſully'd Body and white Mind;
If I have err'd, ſome kind Inhabitant
Will pity a ſtray'd Soul, and take me home.
Seb. Beware of Death, thou canſt not die unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccompliſh'd Love behind.
Thy Vows are mine; nor will I quit my Claim:
The Tye of Minds are but imperfect Bonds,
Unleſs the Bodies join to ſeal the Contract.
Alm. What Joys can you poſſeſs, or can I give?
Where Groans of Death ſucceed the Sighs of Love.
Our Hymen has not on his Saffron Robe;
But muffled up in Mourning, downward holds
His drooping Torch, extinguiſh'd with his Tears.
Seb. The God of Love ſtands ready to revive it
With his Ætherial Breath.
Alm. 'Tis late to join, when we muſt part ſo ſoon.

Seb.

Seb. Nay, rather let us haſte it, e'er we part:
Our Souls for want of that Acquaintance here,
May wander in the ſtarry Walks above,
And, forc'd on worſe Companions, miſs our ſelves.
Alm. The Tyrant will not long be abſent hence;
And ſoon I ſhall be raviſh'd from your Arms.
Seb. Wilt thou thy ſelf become the greater Tyrant,
And give not Love, while thou haſt Love to give?
In dangerous Days, when Riches are a Crime,
The Wiſe betimes make over their Eſtates:
Make o'er thy Honour, by a Deed of Truſt,
And give me Seizure of the mighty Wealth.
Alm. What ſhall I do! O teach me to refuſe!
I wou'd; and yet I tremble at the Grant.
For dire Preſages fright my Soul by Day,
And boding Viſions haunt my nightly Dreams;
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the Groans of Ghoſts;
Thin, hollow, Sounds, and lamentable Screams;
Then, like a dying Echo, from afar,
My Mother's Voice, that cries, Wed not, *Almeyda!*
Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.
Seb. Some envious *Dæmon*, to delude our Joys;
Love is not ſin, but where 'tis ſinful Love.
Alm. Mine is a Flame ſo holy and ſo clear,
That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind;
No Smoak of Luſt; but chaſte as Siſters Love,
When coldly they return a Brother's Kiſs,
Without the Zeal that meets at Lovers Mouths.
Seb. Laugh then at fond Preſages; I had ſome;
Fam'd *Noſtradamus*, when he took my Horoſcope,
Foretold my Father, I ſhou'd wed with Inceſt:
E'er this unhappy War my Mother dy'd;
And Siſters I had none; vain Augury!
A long religious Life, a holy Age,
My Stars aſſign'd me too; impoſſible:
For how can Inceſt ſuit with Holineſs,
Or Prieſtly Orders with a Princely State?
Alm. Old venerable *Alvarez!*—— [*Sighing.*
Seb. But why that Sigh in naming that good Man?
Alm. Your Father's Counſellor and Confident——

Seb.

Seb. He was; and, if he lives, my ſecond Father.
Alm. Mark'd our Farewel, when going to the Fight,
You gave *Almeyda* for the Word of Battel;
'Twas in that fatal Moment, he diſcover'd
The Love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it; tho my Eyes ſtood full of Tears,
Yet thro the Miſt I ſaw him ſtedfaſt gaze:
Then knock'd his aged Breaſt, and inward groan'd;
Like ſome ſad Prophet, that foreſaw the Doom
Of thoſe whom beſt he lov'd, and cou'd not ſave.
Seb. It ſtartles me! and brings to my Remembrance,
That, when the Shock of Battel was begun,
He wou'd have much complain'd (but had not Time)
Of our hid Paſſion; then, with lifted Hands,
He begg'd me by my Father's Sacred Soul,
Not to eſpouſe you, if he dy'd in Fight:
For if he liv'd, and we were Conquerors,
He had ſuch Things to urge againſt our Marriage,
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my Sword in Battel;
And daſtardize my Courage.
Alm. My Blood cruddles;
And cakes about my Heart.
Seb. I'll breath a Sigh, ſo warm into thy Boſom,
Shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not
Thou art a Chriſtian; that produc'd his Fear:
Leſt thou ſhou'dſt ſooth my Soul with Charms ſo ſtrong,
That Heav'n might prove too weak.
Alm. There muſt be more:
This cou'd not blunt your Sword.
Seb. Yes, if I drew it, with a curſt Intent,
To take a Misbeliever to my Bed;
It muſt be ſo.
Alm. Yet——
Seb. No, thou ſhalt not plead
With that fair Mouth, againſt the Cauſe of Love.
Within this Caſtle is a Captive Prieſt,
My Holy Confeſſor, whoſe free Acceſs
Not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd;
This happy Hour his Hands ſhall make us one.
Alm. I go, with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides,

To

To lead my Way: half loth, and half conſenting,
If, as my Soul forebodes, ſome dire Event
Purſue this Union, or ſome Crime unknown,
Forgive me Heav'n; and all ye Bleſt above,
Excuſe the Frailty of unbounded Love. [*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE II. *Suppos'd a Garden; with Lodging Rooms behind it, or on the Sides.*

Enter Mufti, Antonio *as a Slave, and* Johayma *the* Mufti's *Wife.*

Muf. And how do you like him? look upon him well; he's a perſonable Fellow of a Chriſtian Dog. Now I think you are fitted for a Gardiner: Ha, what ſay'ſt thou *Johayma?*

Joh. He may make a ſhift to ſow Lettice, raiſe Melons, and water a Garden-Plat: but otherwiſe a very filthy Fellow; how odiouſly he ſmells of his Country Garlick! fugh, how he ſtinks of *Spain.*

Muf. Why Honeybird, I bought him on purpoſe for thee; didſt not thou ſay thou long'dſt for a Chriſtian Slave?

Joh. Ay, but the Sight of that loathſom Creature has almoſt cur'd me; and how can I tell that he's a Chriſtian? and he were well ſearch'd, he may prove a *Jew* for ought I know. And beſides, I have always long'd for an Eunuch; for they ſay that's a civil Creature, and almoſt as harmleſs as your ſelf, Husband: Speak Fellow, are not you ſuch a kind of peaceable Thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own Country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provok'd.

Muf. To your Occupation, Dog; bind up the Jeſſamines in yond' Arbour, and handle your Pruning-Knife with Dexterity; tightly I ſay, go tightly to your Buſineſs: you have coſt me much; and muſt earn it in your Work; here's plentiful Proviſion for you, Raſcal, Salladding in the Garden, and Water in the Tanck, and on Holidays the licking of a Platter of Rice when you deſerve it.

Joh.

Joh. What have you been bred up to, Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my Service?

Ant. [*making Legs.*] Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man, in a fair Lady's Service. I can play upon the Flute, and ſing; I can carry your Umbrella, and fan your Ladyſhip, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no Service either by Day or by Night ſhall come amiſs to me; and beſides, am of ſo quick an Apprehenſion, that you need but wink upon me at any Time, to make me underſtand my Duty. [*She winks at him.*

Ant. Very fine, ſhe has tipt the Wink already.—[*Aſide.*

Joh. The Whelp may come to ſomething in Time, when I have enter'd him into his Buſineſs.

Muſ. A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his Fauning; you muſt be taught your Diſtance, Sirrah. [*Strikes him.*

Joh. Hold, hold———He has deſerv'd it I confeſs; but for once let his Ignorance plead his Pardon; we muſt not diſcourage a Beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity ev'n to Birds and Beaſts: here you filthy Brute you——take this little Alms to buy you Plaiſters.

[*Gives him a Piece of Money.*

Ant. Money, and a Love-Pinch in the Inſide of my Palm into the Bargain. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Benducar* is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace-Gate.

Muſ. Come in, *Johayma*, regulate the reſt of my Wives, and Concubines, and leave the Fellow to his Work.

Joh. How ſtupidly he ſtares about him, like a Calf new come into the World: I ſhall teach you, Sirrah, to know your Buſineſs a little better:——this Way you awkard Raſcal, here lies the Arbour, muſt I be ſhewing you eternally? [*Turning him about.*

Muſ. Come away, Minion; you ſhall ſhew him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the Arbour, where a Roſe-tree and a Myrtle-tree are juſt falling for want of a Prop; if they were bound together, they wou'd help to keep up one another:———He's a raw Gardiner, and 'tis but Charity to teach him. *Muſ.*

Muf. No more deeds of Charity to Day; come in, or I ſhall think you a little better diſpos'd than I cou'd wiſh you.

Joh. Well, go before, I will follow my Paſtor.

Muf. So you may caſt a Sheeps eye behind you: In before me; and you Sawcineſs, mind your Pruning-knife; or I may chance to uſe it for you.

[*Exeunt* Muſti *and* Johayma.

Ant. [*alone*] Thank you for that; but I am in no ſuch haſte to be made a Muſulman. For his Wedlock, for all her Haughtineſs, I find her coming. How far a Chriſtian ſhould reſiſt, I partly know; but how far a leud young Chriſtian can reſiſt, is another Queſtion. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily neceſſity: Now have I a ſtrange Temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family: I am not far from the Womens Apartment I am ſure; and if theſe Birds are within diſtance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. [*pulls out his Flute*] If there be variety of Moors Fleſh in this holy Market, 'twere Madneſs to lay out all my Money upon the firſt Bargain. [*He plays.*

[*A Grate opens, and* Morayma *the* Muſti's *Daughter appears at it.*

Ant. Ay there's an Apparition! This is a Morſel worthy of a *Muſti*; this is the reliſhing bit in ſecret; this is the Myſtery of his Alcoran, that muſt be reſerv'd from the knowledg of the profane Vulgar. This is the Holiday Devotion; ſee, ſhe beckons too.——

[*She beckons to him.*

Mor. Come a little nearer, and ſpeak ſoftly.

Ant. I come, I come, I warrant thee; the leaſt twinkle had brought me to thee; ſuch another kind Syllable or two wou'd turn me to a Meteor, and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not ſpeak, for fear of being overheard; but if you think my Perſon worth your hazard, and can deſerve my Love——the reſt this Note ſhall tell you——— [*throws down a Handkerchief.*] No more, my Heart goes with you. [*Exit from the Grate.*

Ant.

Ant. O thou pretty little Heart; art thou flown hither? I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new Neſt: but now upon my Treaſure trove, that's wrapt up in the Handkerchief: No peeping here, tho I long to be ſpelling her Arabick Scrawls and Pot-hooks. But I muſt carry off my Prize as Robbers do; and not think of ſharing the Booty before I am free from Danger, and out of Eye-ſhot from the other Windows. If her Wit be as poynant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave. Our Northern Beauties are meer Dough to theſe: Inſipid white Earth, meer Tobacco-pipe Clay; with no more Soul and Motion in 'em than a Fly in Winter.

Here the warm Planet ripens, and ſublimes
The well-bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes;
Our *Cupid*'s but a Bungler in his Trade;
His keeneſt Arrows are in *Africk* made. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Terrace-Walk; or ſome other publick Place in the Caſtle of Alcazar.

Enter Emperor Muley-Moluch, *and* Benducar.

Emp. MArry'd! I'll not believe it; 'tis Impoſture;
Improbable they ſhould preſume t' attempt,
Impoſſible they ſhould effect their Wiſh.

Bend. Have patience till I clear it.

Emp. I have none:
Go bid our moving Plains of Sand lie ſtill,
And ſtir not, when the ſtormy South blows high:
From top to bottom thou haſt toſs'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madneſs of the Whirl,
Requir'ſt a ſudden ſtop? unſay thy Lye,
That may in time do ſomewhat.

Bend. I have done;

For,

For, ſince it pleaſes you it ſhou'd be forg'd,
'Tis fit it ſhou'd: far be it from your Slave
To raiſe diſturbance in your Sacred Breaſt.
Emp. *Sebaſtian* is my Slave as well as thou;
Nor durſt offend my Love by that Preſumption.
Bend. Moſt ſure he ought not.
Emp. Then all Means were wanting;
No Prieſt, no Ceremonies of their Sex;
Or, grant we theſe Defects cou'd be ſupply'd,
How cou'd our Prophet do an Act ſo baſe,
So to reſume his Gifts, and curſe my Conqueſts,
By making me unhappy? No, the Slave
That told thee ſo abſurd a Story, ly'd.
Bend. Yet till this Moment I have found him faithful:
He ſaid he ſaw it too.
Emp. Diſpatch; what ſaw he?
Bend. Truth is conſidering, with what earneſtneſs
Sebaſtian pleaded for *Almeyda*'s Life,
Inhanc'd her Beauty, dwelt upon her Praiſe.——
Emp. O ſtupid, and unthinking as I was!
I might have mark'd it too; 'twas groſs and palpable!
Bend. Methought I trac'd a Lover ill diſguis'd;
And ſent my Spy, a ſharp obſerving Slave,
T' inform me better, if I gueſs'd aright.
He told me, that he ſaw *Sebaſtian*'s Page
Run croſs the Marble Square, who ſoon return'd,
And after him there lagg'd a puffing Fryar;
Cloſe wrapt he bore ſome ſecret Inſtrument
Of Chriſtian Superſtition in his Hand;
My Servant follow'd faſt, and thro a Chink
Perceiv'd the Royal Captives hand in hand:
And heard the hooded Father mumbling Charms,
That make thoſe Misbelievers Man and Wife;
Which done, the Spouſes kiſs'd with ſuch a Fervour,
And gave ſuch furious earneſt of their Flames,
That their Eyes ſparkled, and their mantling Blood
Flew flushing o'er their Faces.
Emp. Hell confound 'em!
Bend. The Reverend Father with a holy Leer,
Saw he might well be ſpar'd, and ſoon withdrew:

This

This forc'd my Servant to a quick Retreat,
For fear to be diſcover'd; gueſs the reſt.
Emp. I do. My Fancy is too exquiſite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd Bliſs.
Some Earthquake ſhou'd have riſen and rent the Ground,
Have ſwallow'd him, and left the longing Bride
In Agony of unaccompliſh'd Love. [*Walks diſorderly.*
Enter the Mufti.
Bend. In an unlucky Hour [*Aſide.*
That Fool intrudes, raw in this great Affair,
And uninſtructed how to ſtem the Tide.
[*Coming up to the* Mufti *aſide.*
The Emp'ror muſt not marry, nor enjoy;
Keep to that Point; ſtand firm, for all's at ſtake.
[*Emp. ſeeing him.*] You Druggerman of Heaven, muſt I attend
Your droaning Prayers? Why came ye not before?
Doſt thou not know the Captive King has dar'd
To wed *Almeyda?* Cancel me that Marriage,
And make her mine; about the buſineſs, quick.
Expound thy *Mahomet*; make him ſpeak my Senſe,
Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no *Mufti*,
Unleſs thou know'ſt the trick of thy Vocation,
To wreſt and rend the Law to pleaſe thy Prince.
Muf. Why, verily the Law is monſtrous plain:
There's not one doubtful Text in all the Alcoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your Project.
Emp. Forge one, and foiſt it into ſome By-place
Of ſome old rotten Roll; do't, I command thee:
Muſt I teach thee thy Trade?
Muf. It cannot be.
For Matrimony being the deareſt Point
Of Law, the People have it all by heart:
A Cheat on Procreation will not paſs.
Beſides, the Offence is ſo exorbitant, [*In a higher Tone.*
To mingle with a misbelieving Race,
That ſpeedy Vengeance wou'd purſue your Crime,
And Holy *Mahomet* launch himſelf from Heav'n,
Before the unready Thunderbolts were form'd.

Emperor

Emperor taking him by the Throat with one Hand, ſnatches out his Sword with the other, and points it to his Breaſt.

Emp. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this Pomp and Pow'r,
To preach againſt my Will? Know I am Law;
And thou, not *Mahomet*'s Meſſenger, but mine;
Make it, I charge thee, make my Pleaſure lawful:
Or firſt I ſtrip thee of thy ghoſtly Greatneſs,
Then ſend thee poſt to tell thy Tale above;
And bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet
Of Juſtice done below for Diſobedience.

Muf. For Heaven's ſake hold, the reſpite of a Moment—
To think for you.

Emp. And for thy ſelf——

Muf. For both.

Bend. Diſgrace, and Death, and Avarice have loſt him! [*Aſide.*

Muf. 'Tis true, our Law forbids to wed a Chriſtian;
But it forbids you not to raviſh her.
You have a Conqueror's Right upon your Slave;
And then the more deſpight you do a Chriſtian,
You ſerve the Prophet more, who loaths that Sect.

Emp. Oh how it mends; and you talk Reaſon, *Muſti.*
But ſtay! I promis'd Freedom to *Sebaſtian.*
Now ſhou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul
Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated Bed.

Muf. Kill him, for then you give him liberty;
His Soul is from his earthly Priſon freed.

Emp. How happy is the Prince who has a Churchman
So learn'd and pliant to expound his Laws!

Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your Prudence.

Emp. Be brief, but let not either thwart my Love.

Bend. Firſt, Since our holy Man has made Rape lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to force:
Why ſhou'd you pluck the green diſtaſteful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of it ſelf, and fall?

Emp. Grant her a Day; tho that's too much to give
Out of a Life which I devote to Love.

Bend. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her deſir'd *Sebaſtian,*
Let *Dorax* be enjoin'd to bring his Head.

Emp.

Emp. [*to the* Mufti.] Go, *Mufti*, call him to receive his Orders. [*Exit* Mufti.

I taſte thy Counſel; her Deſires new rous'd,
And yet unſlak'd, will kindle in her Fancy,
And make her eager to renew the Feaſt.

Bend. [*Aſide.*] *Dorax*, I know before, will diſobey:
There's a Foe's Head well cropt.——
But this hot Love precipitates my Plot;
And brings it to Projection e'er its time.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda, *hand in hand; upon ſight of the Emperor, they ſeparate and ſeem diſturb'd.*

Alm. He breaks at unawares upon our Walks,
And like a Midnight Wolf invades the Fold:
Make ſpeedy Preparation of your Soul,
And bid it arm apace: He comes for anſwer,
And brutal Miſchief ſits upon his Brow.

Seb. Not the laſt Sounding cou'd ſurprize me more,
That ſummons drouzy Mortals to their Doom,
When call'd in haſte they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for their Charge:
My Senſe has been ſo deeply plung'd in Joys,
The Soul out-ſlept her Hour; and ſcarce awake,
Wou'd think too late, and cannot: But brave Minds
At worſt can dare their Fate.——

Emp. [*coming up to them*] Have you perform'd
Your Embaſſy, and treated with Succeſs?

Seb. I had no time.

Emp. No not for my Affairs,
But for your own too much.

Seb. You talk in Clouds, explain your Meaning, Sir.

Emp. Explain yours firſt: What meant you hand in hand,
And when you ſaw me, with a guilty Start
You loos'd your Hold, affrighted at my Preſence?

Seb. Affrighted!

Emp. Yes, aſtoniſh'd and confounded.

Seb. What mak'ſt thou of thy ſelf, and what of me?
Art thou ſome Ghoſt, ſome Dæmon, or ſome God,
That I ſhou'd ſtand aſtoniſh'd at thy ſight?
If thou cou'dſt deem ſo meanly of my Courage,
Why didſt thou not engage me Man for Man,

And try the Virtue of that *Gorgon* Face,
To ſtare me into Statue?

Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at firſt, as if ſurpriz'd
At unexpected Baſeneſs brought to light.
For know, ungrateful Man, that Kings, like Gods,
Are every where; walk in th' Abyſs of Minds,
And view the dark Receſſes of the Soul.

Seb. Baſe and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor till this turn of Fate, durſt thou have call'd me;
But, ſince thou boaſt'ſt th' Omniſcience of a God,
Say in what Cranny of *Sebaſtian*'s Soul,
Unknown to me, ſo loath'd a Crime is lodg'd?

Emp. Thou haſt not broke my Truſt repos'd in thee!

Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd: Take back that Falſhood.

Emp. Thou art not marry'd to *Almeyda*?

Seb. Yes.

Emp. And own'ſt the Uſurpation of my Love?

Seb. I own it in the Face of Heav'n and thee,
No Uſurpation, but a lawful Claim,
Of which I ſtand poſſeſt.

Emp. Sh' has choſen well,
Betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.

Alm. Betwixt a Monſter and the beſt of Men.
He was the Envy of his neighb'ring Kings;
For him their ſighing Queens deſpis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughters bluſh'd when he was nam'd.
To ſhare his noble Chains is more to me,
Than all the ſalvage Greatneſs of thy Throne.

Seb. Were I to chuſe again, and knew my Fate,
For ſuch a Night I would be what I am.
The Joys I have poſſeſt are ever mine;
Out of thy reach behind Eternity,
Hid in the ſacred Treaſure of the paſt;
But bleſt Remembrance brings 'em hourly back.

Emp. Hourly indeed, who haſt but Hours to live:
O mighty Purchaſe of a boaſted Bliſs!
To dream of what thou hadſt one fugitive Night,
And never ſhalt have more.

Seb. Barbarian, thou canſt part us but a Moment;——

We

We ſhall be one again in thy deſpight:
Life is but Air,
That yields a Paſſage to the whiſtling Sword,
And cloſes when 'tis gone.

Alm. How can we better die than cloſe embrac'd,
Sucking each others Souls while we expire?
Which ſo transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
The Saints deceiv'd ſhall by a ſweet Miſtake
Hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.

Emp. No, I'll untwiſt you;
I have occaſion for your ſtay on Earth:
Let him mount firſt, and beat upon the Wing,
And wait an Age for what I here detain;
Or ſicken at immortal Joys above,
And languiſh for the Heav'n he left below.

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has (join'd?

Emp. Not break the Chain, but change a rotten Link,
And rivet one tolaſt.
Think'ſt thou I come to argue right and wrong?
Why lingers *Dorax* thus? Where are my Guards,
[Benducar *goes out for the Guards, and returns.*
To drag that Slave to Death? [*Pointing to* Sebaſtian.
Now ſtorm and rage,
Call vainly on thy Prophet, then defy him
For wanting Power to ſave thee.

Seb. That were to gratify thy Pride: I'll ſhew thee
How a Man ſhou'd, and how a King dare die:
So even, that my Soul ſhall walk with Eaſe
Out of its Fleſh, and ſhut out Life as calmly
As it does Words; without a Sigh to note
One ſtruggle in the ſmooth diſſolving Frame.

Alm. [*to the Emp.*] Expect Revenge from Heav'n, inhu-
Nor hope t'aſcend *Sebaſtian*'s Holy Bed. (man Wretch;
Flames, Daggers, Poiſons, guard the ſacred Steps;
Thoſe are the promis'd Pleaſures of my Love.

Emp. And theſe might fright another, but not me.
Or me, if I deſign'd to give you Pleaſure:
I ſeek my own, and while that laſts, you live.
Enter two of the Guards.
Go, bear the Captive to a ſpeedy Death,

And

And ſet my Soul at eaſe.

Alm. I charge you hold, ye Miniſters of Death;
Speak my *Sebaſtian*;
Plead for thy Life: Oh ask it of the Tyrant;
'Tis no Diſhonour, truſt me, Love, 'tis none:
I wou'd die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty Heart diſdains it, ev'n for thee.
Still ſilent! will the King of *Portugal*
Go to his Death like a dumb Sacrifice?
Beg him to ſave my Life in ſaving thine.

Seb. Farewell, my Life's not worth another Word.

Emp. [*to the Guards.*] Perform your Orders.

Alm. Stay, take my farewel too:
Farewel the Greatneſs of *Almeyda*'s Soul!
Look, Tyrant, what Exceſs of Love can do,
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy Feet; [*Kneels to him.*
Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing Hands,
Which bliſter when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can to ſave *Sebaſtian*'s Life.

Emp. A ſecret Pleaſure trickles thro my Veins:
It works about the Inlets of my Soul!
To feel thy touch; and Pity tempts the Paſs;
But the tough Metal of my Heart reſiſts;
'Tis warm'd with the ſoft Fire, not melted down.

Alm. A Flood of ſcalding Tears will make it run:
Spare him, Oh ſpare; can you pretend to Love,
And have no Pity? Love and that are Twins.
Here will I grow;
Thus compaſs you with theſe ſupplanting Cords,
And pull ſo long till the proud Fabrick falls.

Emp. Still kneel, and ſtill embrace; 'tis double Pleaſure
So to be hugg'd, and ſee *Sebaſtian* die.

Alm. Look, Tyrant, when thou nam'ſt *Sebaſtian*'s (Death,
Thy very Executioners turn pale,
Rough as they are, and harden'd in the Trade
Of Death, they ſtart at an anointed Head,
And tremble to approach:——He hears me not;
Nor minds th' Impreſſion of a God on Kings;
Becauſe no ſtamp of Heav'n was on his Soul:
But the reſiſting Maſs drove back the Seal.

Say tho thy Heart be Rock of Adamant,
Yet Rocks are not impregnable to Bribes:
Inſtruct me how to bribe thee: Name thy Price;
Lo, I reſign my Title to the Crown;
Send me to Exile with the Man I love,
And Baniſhment is Empire.

Emp. Here's my Claim; [*Clapping his Hand to his Sword.*
And this extinguiſh'd thine; thou giv'ſt me nothing.

Alm. My Father's, Mother's, Brother's Death I pardon;
That's ſomewhat ſure; a mighty Sum of Murder,
Of innocent and kindred Blood ſtruck off.
My Prayers and Penance ſhall diſcount for theſe,
And beg of Heav'n to charge the Bill on me:
Behold what Price I offer, and how dear
To buy *Sebaſtian*'s Life.

Emp. Let After-reck'nings trouble fearful Fools;
I'll ſtand the tryal of thoſe trivial Crimes:
But, ſince thou begg'ſt me to preſcribe my Terms
The only I can offer are thy Love;
And this one day of reſpite to reſolve.
Grant or deny, for thy next Word is Fate;
And Fate is deaf to Pray'r.

Alm. May Heav'n be ſo [*Riſing up.*
At thy laſt breath to thine: I curſe thee not;
For who can better curſe the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are? That Curſe be thine.
Now, do not ſpeak, *Sebaſtian*, for you need not;
But die, for I reſign your Life: Look, Heav'n,
Almeyda dooms her dear *Sebaſtian*'s Death!
But is there Heav'n? for I begin to doubt;
The Skies are huſh'd, no grumbling Thunders roul;
Now take your ſwing, ye Impious; ſin unpuniſh'd;
Eternal Providence ſeems overwatch'd,
And with a ſlumb'ring Nod aſſents to Murder.

Enter Dorax *attended by three Soldiers.*

Emp. Thou mov'ſt a Tortoiſe pace to my Relief.
Take hence that, once a King; that ſullen Pride
That ſwells to Dumbneſs; lay him in the Dungeon,
And ſink him deep with Irons; that when he wou'd,
He ſhall not groan to hearing: when I ſend,

The next Commands are Death.

Alm. Then Prayers are vain as Curſes.

Emp. Much at one
In a Slave's Mouth, againſt a Monarch's Pow'r.
This Day thou haſt to think;
At night, if thou wilt curſe, thou ſhalt curſe kindly;
Then I'll provoke thy Lips; lay ſiege ſo cloſe,
That all thy ſallying Breath ſhall turn to Bleſſings.
Make haſte, ſeize, force her, bear her hence.

Alm. Farewel, my laſt *Sebaſtian!*
I do not beg, I challenge Juſtice now;
O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar Care,
Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative?
Now flaſh him dead, now crumble him to Aſhes;
Or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace;
And look not idly out upon a World
That is no longer yours.

[*She is carried off ſtruggling,* Emp. *and* Bend. *follow.*

[Sebaſtian *ſtruggles in his Guards Arms, and ſhakes off one of them; but two others come in, and hold him; he ſpeaks not all the while.*

Dor. I find I'm but a half-ſtrain'd Villain yet; [*Aſide.*
But mungril-miſchievous; for my Blood boil'd,
To view this brutal Act; and my ſtern Soul
Tugg'd at my Arm to draw in her Defence.
Down thou rebelling Chriſtian in my Heart;
Redeem thy Fame on this *Sebaſtian* firſt; [*Walks a turn.*
Then think on others Wrongs, when thine are righted.
But how to right 'em? on a Slave diſarm'd;
Defenceleſs and ſubmitted to my Rage?
A baſe Revenge is vengeance on my ſelf; [*Walks again.*
I have it, and I thank thee honeſt Head,
Thus preſent to me at my great Neceſſity:——
[*Comes up to* Sebaſtian.
You know me not?

Seb. I hear Men call thee *Dorax.*

Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once, you ſpeak (too;
You were ſtruck mute before.

Seb. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine :———
Diſpatch thy Work, good Executioner. (Falſhood
Dor. None of my Blood were Hangmen : add that
To a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.
Seb. A King and thou can never have a reck'ning.
Dor. A greater Sum perhaps than you can pay.
Mean time I ſhall make bold t'increaſe your Debt.
[*Gives him his Sword.*
Take this, and uſe it at your greateſt need.
Seb. This Hand and this have been acquainted well;
[*Looks on it.*] It ſhou'd have come before into my graſp,
To kill the Raviſher.
Dor. Thou heard'ſt the Tyrant's Orders; guard thy Life
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a Man.
Seb. I'm ſtill without thy Meaning, but I thank thee.
Dor. Thank me when I ask Thanks, thank me with that.
Seb. Such ſurly Kindneſs did I never ſee!
Dor. [*to the Captain of his Guards*] *Muza*, draw out a file, pick Man by Man,
Such who dare die, and dear will ſell their Death.
Guard him to th' utmoſt; now conduct him hence,
And treat him as my Perſon.
Seb. Something like
That Voice methinks I ſhou'd have ſomewhere heard:
But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off,
Beyond my kenn of Soul. [*Exit* Seb. *with the Soldiers.*
Dor. But I ſhall bring him back, ungrateful Man, [*Solus.*
I ſhall, and ſet him full before thy ſight,
When I ſhall front thee, like ſome ſtaring Ghoſt,
With all my Wrongs about me.——What ſo ſoon
Return'd? this haſte is boding.

Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, *and* Muſti.

Emp. She's ſtill inexorable, ſtill imperious;
And loud, as if like *Bacchus* born in Thunder.
Be quick ye falſe Phyſicians of my Mind,
Bring ſpeedy Death, or Cure.
Bend. What can be counſell'd while *Sebaſtian* lives?
The Vine will cling, while the tall Poplar ſtands.
But that cut down, creeps to the next Support,
And twines as cloſely there.

Emp. That's done with Eaſe, I ſpeak him dead; pro-
Muſ. Proclaim your Marriage with *Almeyda* next, (ceed.
That Civil Wars may ceaſe; this gains the Croud:
Then you may ſafely force her to your Will:
For People ſide with Violence and Injuſtice,
When done for publick Good.

Emp. Preach thou that Doctrine.

Bend. Th' unreaſonable Fool has broach'd a Truth [*Aſide.*
That blaſts my Hopes; but ſince 'tis gone ſo far,
He ſhall divulge *Almeyda* is a Chriſtian:
If that produce no Tumult, I deſpair.

Emp. Why ſpeaks not *Dorax?*

Dor. Becauſe my Soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly ſay, you went too far,
To truſt the Preaching Pow'r on State-Affairs
To him or any heav'nly Demagogue.
'Tis a Limb lopt from your Prerogative,
And ſo much of Heav'n's Image blotted from you.

Muſ. Sure thou haſt never heard of holy Men
(So Chriſtians call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs;
Such as in *Spain*, *Xymenes*, *Albornoz*,
In *England Woolſey*; match me theſe with Laymen.

Dor. How you triumph in one or two of theſe,
Born to be Stateſmen, happ'ning to be Churchmen!
Thou call'ſt 'em holy; ſo their Function was:
But tell me, *Mufti*, which of 'em were Saints?
Next Sir, to you; the Sum of all is this,
Since he claims Pow'r from Heav'n, and not from Kings,
When 'tis his Int'reſt, he can int'reſt Heav'n
To preach you down; and Ages oft depend
On Hours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.

Emp. I'll truſt his Preaching while I rule his Pay,
And I dare truſt my *Africans*, to hear
Whatever he dare preach.

Dor. You know 'em not.
The Genius of your *Moors* is Mutiny;
They ſcarcely want a Guide to move their Madneſs:
Prompt to rebel on every weak Pretence,
Bluſtering when courted, crouching when oppreſt;
Wiſe to themſelves, and Fools to all the World;

Reſtleſs

Reſtleſs in Change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
They love Religion ſweeten'd to the Senſe;
A good, luxurious, palatable Faith.
Thus Vice and Godlineſs, prepoſt'rous Pair,
Ride Cheek by Jowl; but Churchmen hold the Reins.
And whene'er Kings wou'd lower Clergy Greatneſs,
They learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
And whoſe the Subjects are: the *Mufti* knows it;
Nor dares deny what paſs'd betwixt us two.

Emp. No more, whate'er he ſaid was my Command.

Dor. Why then no more, ſince you will hear no more;
Some Kings are reſolute to their own Ruin.

Emp. Without your meddling where you are not ask'd,
Obey your Orders, and diſpatch *Sebaſtian*.

Dor. Truſt my Revenge; be ſure I wiſh him dead.

Emp. What mean'ſt thou! What's thy Wiſhing to my Will?
Diſpatch him, rid me of the Man I loath.

Dor. I hear you, Sir, I'll take my time, and do't.—

Emp. Thy time? What's all thy time? What's thy whole Life
To my one Hour of Eaſe? No more Replies,
But ſee thou doſt it; Or——

Dor. Choak in that Threat; I can ſay Or as loud.

Emp. 'Tis well, I ſee my Words have no Effect,
But I may ſend a Meſſage to diſpoſe you. [*Is going off.*

Dor. Expect an Anſwer worthy of that Meſſage.

Muſ. The Prophet ow'd him this: [*Aſide.*
And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.

Bend. By holy *Alha*, I conjure you ſtay,
And judge not raſhly of ſo brave a Man.
[*Draws the Emperor aſide, and whiſpers him.*
I'll give you Reaſons why he cannot execute
Your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.

Muſ. *Benducar* is a Fool to bring him off, [*Aſide.*
I'll work my own Revenge, and ſpeedily.

Bend. The Fort is his, the Soldiers Hearts are his;
A thouſand Chriſtian Slaves are in the Caſtle,
Which he can free to reinforce his Pow'r;
Your Troops far off, beleaguering *Larache*,
Yet in the Chriſtian Hands.

Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he muſt die.
Bend. He ſhall by Poiſon;
'Tis here, the deadly Drug prepar'd in Pouder,
Hot as Hell Fire:——then, to prevent his Soldiers
From riſing to revenge their Gen'ral's Death,
While he is ſtruggling with his mortal Pangs,
The Rabble on the ſudden may be rais'd
To ſeize the Caſtle.
Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.
Bend. Yet more; but clear your Brow; for he obſerves.
[*They whiſper again.*
Dor. What, will the Fav'rite prop my falling Fortunes?
O Prodigy of Court! [*Aſide.*
[*Emp. and* Bend. *return to* Dor.
Emp. Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence;
I was too haſty to condemn unheard:
And you, perhaps, too prompt in your Replies.
As far as fits the Majeſty of Kings,
I ask Excuſe.
Dor. I'm ſure I meant it well.
Emp. I know you did:—this to our Love renew'd.—
[*Emp. Drinks.*
Benducar, fill to *Dorax*.
[Bend. *turns, and mixes a Powder in it.*
Dor. Let it go round, for all of us have need
To quench our Heats; 'tis the King's Health, *Benducar*.—
[*He drinks.*
And I wou'd pledge it, tho I knew 'twere Poiſon.
Bend. Another Bowl; for what the King has touch'd,
And you have pledg'd, is ſacred to your Loves.——
[*Drinks out of another Bowl.*
Muſ. Since Charity becomes my Calling, thus
Let me provoke your Friendſhip: And Heav'n bleſs it,
As I intend it well——
[*Drinks, and turning aſide pours ſome Drops out of a little Vial into the Bowl; then preſents it to* Dorax.
Dor. Heav'n make thee honeſt,
On that Condition we ſhall ſoon be Friends.—— [*Drinks.*

Muſ.

Muf. Yes, at our meeting in another World; [*Aſide.*
For thou haſt drunk thy Paſſport out of this.
Not the *Nonacrian* Font, nor *Lethe*'s Lake,
Cou'd ſooner numb thy nimble Faculties,
Than this, to ſleep eternal.

Emp. Now farewel, *Dorax*; this was our firſt Quarrel,
And I dare propheſy, will prove our laſt.
[*Exit Emp. with* Bend. *and the* Mufti.

Dor. It may he ſo: I'm ſtrangely diſcompos'd;
Quick Shootings thro my Limbs, and pricking Pains,
Qualms at my Heart, Convulſions in my Nerves,
Shiv'rings of Cold, and Burnings of my Entrails
Within my little World make Medley-War,
Loſe and regain, beat, and are beaten back,
As momentary Victors quit their Ground.
Can it be Poiſon! Poiſon's of one Tenour,
Or hot, or cold; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly Draught, ſome Enemy of Life
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.
Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime;
Africk, the Scene remov'd, is *Portugal*.
Of all Court Service learn the common Lot;
To Day 'tis done, to Morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh, were that all! my honeſt Corps muſt lie
Expos'd to Scorn, and publick Infamy:
My ſhameful Death will be divulg'd alone;
The Worth and Honour of my Soul unknown. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Night-Scene of the* Mufti's *Garden, where an Arbour is diſcover'd.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. She names her ſelf *Morayma*; the *Mufti*'s only Daughter, and a Virgin! This is the Time and Place that ſhe appointed in her Letter, yet ſhe comes not. Why thou ſweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with thy Delay! Dar'ſt thou be falſe to thy Aſſignation? What, in the Cool and Silence of the Night, and to a new Lover? Pox on the Hypocrite thy Father, for inſtructing thee ſo little in the ſweeteſt Point of his Religion. Hark,

I hear the ruſtling of her Silk Mantle. Now ſhe comes, now ſhe comes; no hang't, that was but the Whiſtling of the Wind thro the Orange-trees. Now again, I hear the pit-a-pat of a pretty Foot thro the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Mare that's broken looſe, and munching upon the Melons:——Oh, the Miſery of an expecting Lover! Well, I'll e'en deſpair, go into my Arbour, and try to ſleep; in a Dream I ſhall enjoy her in deſpight of her. [*Goes to the Arbour, and lies down.*

Enter Johayma *wrapt up in a* Mooriſh *Mantle.*

Joh. Thus far my Love has carry'd me, almoſt without my Knowledge whither I was going: Shall I go on, ſhall I diſcover my ſelf!——What an Injury am I doing to my old Husband!——Yet what Injury, ſince he's old, and has three Wives, and ſix Concubines beſides me! 'tis but ſtealing my own Tythe from him.

[*She comes a little nearer the Arbour.*

Ant. [*raiſing himſelf a little, and looking.*] At laſt 'tis ſhe, this is no Illuſion I am ſure; 'tis a true She-devil of Fleſh and Blood; and ſhe cou'd never have taken a fitter time to tempt me.——

Joh. He's young and handſome——

Ant. Yes, well enough I thank Nature. [*Aſide.*

Joh. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: Sure he will not refuſe me.

Ant. No, thou may'ſt pawn thy Maidenhead upon't he wonnot. [*Aſide.*

Joh. The *Mufti* wou'd feaſt himſelf upon other Women, and keep me faſting.

Ant. O, the holy Curmudgeon! [*Aſide.*

Joh. Wou'd preach Abſtinence, and practiſe Luxury! but I thank my Stars, I have ediſy'd more by his Example than his Precept.

Ant. Moſt divinely argu'd; ſhe's the beſt Caſuiſt in all *Africk.* [*Aſide.*

[*He ruſhes out and embraces her.*

I can hold no longer from embracing thee, my dear *Morayma*; the old unconſcionable Whorſon thy Father, could he expect cold Chaſtity from a Child of his begetting?

Joh.

Joh. What Nonſenſe do you talk? do you take me for the *Mufti*'s Daughter? (*nus.*

Ant. Why, are you not, Madam? [*Throwing off her Bar-*

Joh. I find you had an Appointment with *Morayma*.

Ant. By all that's good, the nauſeous Wife. [*Aſide.*

Joh. What, you are confounded, and ſtand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonpluſt I confeſs, to hear you deny your Name ſo poſitively; why, are not you *Morayma* the *Mufti*'s Daughter? Did not I ſee you with him, did not he preſent me to you? Were you not ſo charitable as to give me Money? Ay, and to tread upon my Foot, and ſqueeze my Hand too, if I may be ſo bold to remember you of paſt Favours?

Joh. And you ſee I am come to make 'em good, but I am neither *Morayma* nor the *Mufti*'s Daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that: but I am ſure he is old enough to be your Father; and either Father, or Reverend Father I heard you call him.

Joh. Once again, how came you to name *Morayma?*

Ant. Another damn'd Miſtake of mine: For asking one of my Fellow-Slaves, who were the chief Ladies about the Houſe, he anſwer'd me, *Morayma* and *Johayma*; but ſhe, it ſeems, is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

Joh. Say your beloved Miſtreſs if you pleaſe; for that's the Title I deſire. This Moon-ſhine grows offenſive to my Eyes; come, ſhall we walk into the Arbour? there we may rectify all Miſtakes.

Ant. That's cloſe and dark.

Joh. And are thoſe Faults to Lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot pleaſe my ſelf with the ſight of your Beauty.

Joh. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a Breath of Air ſtirring.

Joh. The Breath of Lovers is the ſweeteſt Air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am conſidering indeed, that if I am taken with you——

Joh. The beſt way to avoid it, is to retire, where we maynot be diſcover'd.

Ant. Where lodges your Husband?

Joh. Juſt againſt the Face of this open Walk.

Ant. Then he has ſeen us already, for ought I know.

Joh. You make ſo many Difficulties, I fear I am diſpleaſing to you.

Ant. [*Aſide.*] If *Morayma* comes, and takes me in the Arbour with her, I have made a fine Exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

Joh. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the Fury of your firſt Embrace.

Ant. I confeſs, I was ſomewhat too furious at firſt, but you will forgive the Tranſport of my Paſſion; now I have conſider'd it better, I have a Qualm of Conſcience.

Joh. Of Conſcience! why, what has Conſcience to do with two young Lovers that have Opportunity?

Ant. Why truly, Conſcience is ſomething to blame for interpoſing in our Matters: but how can I help it, if I have a Scruple to betray my Maſter?

Joh. There muſt be ſomething more in't; for your Conſcience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayma.*

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter; for then I might have made you an honourable Amends by Marriage.

Joh. You Chriſtians are ſuch peeking Sinners, you tremble at a Shadow in the Moonſhine.

Ant. And you *Africans* are ſuch Termagants, you ſtop at nothing. I muſt be plain with you, you are married, and to a holy Man, the Head of your Religion: go back to your Chamber, go back I ſay, and conſider of it for this Night; as I will do on my Part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next Meeting, the ſweet Devil may have more Power over me? I am true Fleſh and Blood, I can tell you that for yourt Comfort.

Joh. Fleſh without Blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fiſhes. But I'll teach thee, to thy Coſt, what Vengeance is in ſtore for refuſing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love—— Help, help, there; will no-body come to my Aſſiſtance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam? for Heav'ns ſake Peace;

Peace; your Husband will hear you; think of your own Danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ingrateful Wretch, thou deſerv'ſt no Pity: Help, help, Husband, or I ſhall be raviſh'd: the Villain will be too ſtrong for me. Help, help, for Pity of a poor diſtreſſed Creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but Impudence to aſſiſt me: I muſt drown her Clamour, whate'er comes on't.

[*He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can poſſibly, and ſhe continues crying out.*

Enter the Mufti *in his Night-Gown, and two Servants.*

Muf. O thou Villain, what horrible Impiety art thou committing? What, raviſhing the Wife of my Boſom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of ſuch a Monſter. [*Servants ſeize him.*

Ant. Mercy, dear Maſter, Mercy: Hear me firſt, and after, if I have deſerv'd Hanging, ſpare me not: What have you ſeen to provoke you to this Cruelty?

Muf. I have heard the Outcries of my Wife; the Bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: ſeen nothing, ſay'ſt thou? If I ſee the Lamb lie bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn, and bloody, is not that Evidence ſufficient of the Murder? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in Reaſon, Sir, is a Man to be put to Death for a Similitude? No Violence has been committed; none intended: the Lamb's alive; and if I durſt tell you ſo, no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

Joh. How's that, Villain, dar'ſt thou accuſe me?

Ant. Be patient, Madam, and ſpeak but Truth, and I'll do any thing to ſerve you: I ſay again, and ſwear it too, I'll do any thing to ſerve you.

Joh. [*Aſide.*] I underſtand him; but I fear 'tis now too late to ſave him:——Pray hear him ſpeak, Husband; perhaps he may ſay ſomething for himſelf; I know not.

Muf. Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed and thy Honour?

Joh. I forgive him freely, for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me Satisfaction, himſelf beſt knows.

Ant.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, ſweet Madam: I ſhall refuſe no Drudgery.

Muf. But did he mean no Miſchief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Joh. In my Conſcience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muf. 'Tis impoſſible; then what meant all theſe Outcries?

Joh. I heard Muſick in the Garden, and at an unſeaſonable time of Night, and I ſtole ſoftly out of my Bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muf. How's that, *Johayma?* Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Joh. Why not, my Lord, am not I the Miſtreſs of the Family? and is it not my Place to ſee good Orders kept in it? I thought he might have allur'd ſome of the She-Slaves to him; and was reſolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them; when, on the ſudden, he ruſh'd out upon me, caught me in his Arms with ſuch a Fury——

Muf. I have heard enough, away with him——

Joh. Miſtaking me no doubt, for one of his Fellow-Slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I diſcover'd my ſelf, and cry'd aloud: But as ſoon as ever he knew me, the Villain let me go, and I muſt needs ſay, he ſtarted back, as if I were ſome Serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muf. O thou Corrupter of my Family, that's Cauſe enough of Death; once again, away with him.

Joh. What, for an intended Treſpaſs? No Harm has been done, whatever may be. He coſt you five hundred Crowns, I take it.

Muf. Thou ſay'ſt true, a very conſiderable Sum: He ſhall not die, tho he had committed Folly with a Slave; 'tis too much to loſe by him.

Ant. My only Fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more ſhe cry'd, the more I play'd; that it might be ſeen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortify your Fleſh, and conſider in whoſe Family you are.

Joh. And one thing more, remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf.

Muſ. [*Aſide.*] For all her Smoothneſs, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealouſy; but I have thought of a Way that will clear my Doubts. [*Exit* Muſ. *with* Joh. *and Servants.*

Ant. I am mortify'd ſufficiently already, without the Help of his Ghoſtly Counſel. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conſcience wou'd have gone in two Months. I find my ſelf in a very dejected Condition, all over me; poor Sin lies dormant, Concupiſcence is retir'd to his Winter-Quarters; and if *Morayma* ſhou'd now appear, I ſay no more, but alas for her and me!

[Morayma *comes out of the Arbour, ſhe ſteals behind him, and claps him on the Back.*

Mor. And if *Morayma* ſhou'd appear, as ſhe does appear, alas you ſay for her and you!

Ant. Art thou there, my ſweet Temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my All!

Mor. A mighty Complement, when all theſe, by your own Confeſſion, are juſt nothing.

Ant. Nothing, till thou cameſt to new create me; thou doſt not know the Power of thy own Charms: Let me embrace thee, and thou ſhalt ſee how quickly I can turn wicked.

Mor. [*ſtepping back.*] Nay, if you are ſo dangerous, 'tis beſt keeping you at a Diſtance; I have no Mind to warm a frozen Snake in my Boſom; he may chance to recover, and ſting me for my Pains.

Ant. Conſider what I have ſuffer'd for thy Sake already; and make me ſome Amends: two Diſappointments in a Night! O cruel Creature!

Mor. And you may thank your ſelf for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my Time, thro the Back-Walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a freſh Water Soldier, ſtood guarding the Paſs before: If you miſs'd the Enemy, you may thank your own Dulneſs.

Ant. Nay, if you will be uſing Stratagems, you ſhall give me Leave to make uſe of my Advantages, now I have you in my Power: We are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no Quarter.

Mor.

Mor. By your Favour, Sir, we meet upon Treaty now, and not upon Defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you ſhall have *Carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Johayma:* Any thing to ſerve you, Madam; I ſhall refuſe no Drudgery: Whoſe Words were thoſe, Gentleman? Was that like a Cavalier of Honour?

Ant. Not very heroick; but Self-preſervation is a Point above Honour and Religion too.—*Antonio* was a Rogue I muſt confeſs; but you muſt give me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your Life ſo baſely; and to preſent your Sword to your Enemy: Oh Recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my Fame indeed wou'd have ſounded loud, but I ſhou'd never have heard the Blaſt: Come, don't make your ſelf worſe-naur'd than you are: to ſave my Life, you wou'd be content I ſhou'd promiſe any thing.

Mor. Yes, If I were ſure you wou'd perform nothing.

Ant. Can you ſuſpect I wou'd leave you for *Johayma?*

Mor. No, but I can expect you wou'd have both of us: Love is covetous, I muſt have all of you; Heart for Heart is an equal Truck: In ſhort, I am younger; I think handſomer, and am ſure I love you better; ſhe has been my Step-Mother theſe fifteen Years: You think that's her Face you ſee, but 'tis only a daub'd Vizard: She wears an Armour of Proof upon't; an Inch thick of Paint, beſides the Waſh: Her Face is ſo fortify'd, that you can make no Approaches to it, without a Shovel. But for her Conſtancy, I can tell you for your Comfort, ſhe will love till Death, I mean till yours; for when ſhe has worn you out, ſhe will certainly diſpatch you to another World, for fear of telling Tales; as ſhe has already ſerv'd three Slaves, your Predeceſſors of happy Memory in her Favours. She has made my Pious Father a three-pil'd Cuckold to my Knowledg: and now ſhe wou'd be robbing me of my ſingle Sheep too.

Ant. Prithee prevent her then; and at leaſt take the ſhearing of me firſt.

Mor.

Mor. No, I'll have a Butcher's Pen'worth of you; firſt ſecure the Carcaſs, and then take the Fleece into the Bargain.

Ant. Why ſure, you did not put your ſelf and me to all this Trouble, for a dry come off; by this Hand——— [*Taking it.*

Mor. Which you ſhall never touch, but upon better Aſſurances than you imagine. [*Pulling her Hand away.*

Ant. I'll marry thee, and make a Chriſtian of thee, thou pretty damn'd Infidel.

Mor. I mean you ſhall; but no Earneſt, till the Bargain be made before Witneſs: there's Love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn you to; never doubt, but all upon honourable Terms.

Ant. I vow and ſwear by Love; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

Mor. But never to be truſted in any: he has another Name too, of a worſe Sound. Shall I truſt an Oath, when I ſee your Eyes languiſhing, your Cheeks flushing, and can hear your Heart throbbing? No, I'll not come near you: He's a fooliſh Phyſician who will feel the Pulſe of a Patient, that has the Plague-ſpots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little Moppet, argue ſo perverſly againſt ſo good a Cauſe! Come, prithee let me anticipate a little of my Revenue.

Mor. You wou'd fain be fingering your Rents beforehand; but that makes a Man an ill Husband ever after. Conſider, Marriage is a painful Vocation, as you ſhall prove it: manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you ſhall find a hard Task on't to make even at the Year's End, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Chriſtian Intention to revenge my ſelf upon thy Father, for being the Head of a falſe Religion.

Mor. And ſo you ſhall; I offer you his Daughter for your Second: but ſince you are ſo preſſing, meet me under my Window to morrow Night, Body for Body, about this Hour; I'll ſlip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my Hand.

Ant. How, thy Father!

Mor.

Mor. I mean all that's good of him; his Pearls, and Jewels, his whole Contents, his Heart and Soul; as much as ever I can carry! I'll leave him his Alcoran; that's Revenue enough for him: Every Page of it is Gold and Diamonds. He has the turn of an Eye, a demure Smile, and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a Slave prepar'd at the Poſtern-Gate, with two Horſes ready ſaddled: No more, for I fear I may be miſs'd; and think I hear 'em calling for me——if you have Conſtancy and Courage——

Ant. Never doubt it: And Love in abundance, to wander with thee all the World over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thouſand Crowns in a Casket!——

Ant. A heavy burden, Heaven knows! but we muſt pray for Patience to ſupport it.

Mor. Beſides a willing Titt that will venture her Corps with you:——Come, I know you long to have a parting Blow with me; and therefore to ſhew I am in Charity—— [*He kiſſes her.*

Ant. Once more for Pity; that I may keep the Flavour upon my Lips till we meet again.

Mor. No; frequent Charities make bold Beggars: And beſides I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a Hawk when I wou'd have him fly: That's enough—— but if you wou'd be nibling, here's a Hand to ſtay your Stomach. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Ant. Thus conquer'd Infidels, that Wars may ceaſe,
Are forc'd to give their Hands, and ſign the Peace.

Mor. Thus Chriſtians are outwitted by the Foe;
You had her in your Pow'r, and let her go.
If you releaſe my Hand, the Fault's not mine;
You ſhou'd have made me Seal as well as Sign.

[*She runs off, he follows her to the Door; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Benducar's *Palace in the Caſtle of* Alcazar.

Bend. MY future Fate, the Colour of my Life, [*Solus.*
My all depends on this important Hour:
This Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales,
And Heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a Crown, have puſh'd me forward;
'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant muſt not raviſh her:
He and *Sebaſtian* ſtand betwixt my Hopes:
He moſt; and therefore firſt to be diſpatch'd.
Theſe and a thouſand things are to be done
In the ſhort Compaſs of this rowling Night,
And nothing yet perform'd,
None of my Emiſſaries yet return'd.
Enter Haly——*Firſt Servant.*
Oh *Haly*, thou haſt held me long in pain.
What haſt thou learnt of *Dorax?* is he dead?

Haly. Two Hours I warily have watch'd his Palace;
All Doors are ſhut, no Servant peeps abroad;
Some Officers with ſtriding haſte paſs'd in,
While others outward went on quick diſpatch;
Sometimes huſh'd Silence ſeem'd to reign within;
Then Cries confus'd, and a joint Clamour follow'd;
Then Lights went gliding by, from Room to Room,
And ſhot like thwarting Meteors croſs the Houſe.
Not daring further to enquire, I came
With ſpeed, to bring you this imperfect News.

Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:
His mournful Friends, ſummon'd to take their Leaves,
Are throng'd about his Couch, and ſit in Council.
What thoſe caballing Captains may deſign,
I muſt prevent, by being firſt in Action.

To *Muley-Zeydan* fly with ſpeed, deſire him
To take my laſt Inſtructions; tell the Importance,
And haſte his Preſence here. [*Exit Haley.*
How has this Poiſon loſt its wonted way?
It ſhould have burnt its Paſſage, not have linger'd
In the blind Labyrinths and crooked Turnings
Of human Compoſition; now it moves
Like a ſlow Fire that works againſt the Wind,
As if his ſtronger Stars had interpos'd.

Enter Hamet.

Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd?
From *Muſtapha* what Meſſage?

Ham. What you wiſh:
The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night,
Than at the Mid-day Sun: A drouzy Horror
Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake:
All croud in heaps, as at a Night alarm
The Bees drive out upon each others Backs,
T'imboſs their Hives in cluſters; all ask News:
Their buſy Captain runs the weary round
To whiſper Orders; and commanding Silence,
Makes not Noiſe ceaſe, but deſeans it to Murmurs.

Bend. Night waſtes apace: When, when will he appear?

Ham. He only waits your Summons.

Bend. Haſte their coming.
Let Secrecy and Silence be enjoin'd
In their cloſe March: What News from the Lieutenant?

Ham. I left him at the Gate, firm to your Intereſt,
T'admit the Townſmen at their firſt Appearance.

Bend. Thus far 'tis well: Go haſten *Muſtapha.*
[*Exit Hamet.*

Enter Orchan, *the third Servant.*

O, *Orchan*, did I think thy Diligence
Wou'd lag behind the reſt? what from the *Mufti?*

Orc. I ſought him round his Palace; made enquiry
Of all the Slaves: In ſhort, I us'd your Name,
And urg'd th' Importance home; but had for anſwer,
That ſince the ſhut of Evening none had ſeen him.

Bend. O the curſt Fate of all Conſpiracies!
They move on many Springs; if one but fail,

The

The reſtiff Machine ſtops——In an ill Hour he's abſent;
'Tis the firſt time, and ſure will be the laſt
That e'er a *Mufti* was not in the way,
When Tumult and Rebellion ſhou'd be broach'd.
Stay by me; thou art reſolute and faithful;
I have Employment worthy of thy Arm. (*Walks.*

Enter Muley-Zeydan.

Mul. Zeyd. You ſee me come impatient of my Hopes,
And eager as the Courſer for the Race:
Is all in readineſs?

Bend. All but the *Mufti.*

Mul. Zeyd. We muſt go on without him.

Bend. True we muſt;
For 'tis ill ſtopping in the full Career,
Howe'er the Leap be dangerous and wide.

Orc. [*Looking out.*] I ſee the blaze of Torches from afar;
And hear the trampling of thick beating Feet;
This way they move.

Bend. No doubt the Emperor.
We muſt not be ſurpriz'd in Conference.
Truſt to my Management the Tyrant's Death;
And haſte your ſelf to join with *Muſtapha.*
The Officer who guards the Gate is yours;
When you have gain'd that Paſs, divide your Force;
Your ſelf in Perſon head one choſen half,
And march t'oppreſs the Faction in Conſult
With dying *Dorax:* Fate has driven 'em all
Into the Net: You muſt be bold and ſudden:
Spare none, and if you find him ſtruggling yet
With Pangs of Death, truſt not his rowling Eyes
And heaving Gaſps; for Poiſon may be falſe,
The home thruſt of a friendly Sword is ſure. [priz'd;

Mul. Zeyd. Doubt not my Conduct: They ſhall be ſur-
Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night,
At Morn I'll take her in———

Bend. Here lies your Way,
You meet your Brother there.

Mul. Zeyd. May we ne'er meet:
For like the Twins of *Leda,* when I mount,
He gallops down the Skies—— [*Exit* Muley-Zeyd.

Bend.

Bend. He comes: Now Heart
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one Attempt:
Set ope thy Sluces, ſend the vigorous Blood
Through every active Limb for my Relief:
Then take thy Reſt within thy quiet Cell,
For thou ſhalt drum no more.

Enter Emperor *and Guards attending him.*

Emp. What News of our Affairs, and what of *Dorax*?
Is he no more? ſay that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your Enemies be like that Dog,
Whoſe parting Soul is labouring at the Lips.

Emp. The People, are they rais'd?

Bend. And marſhall'd too;
Juſt ready for the March.

Emp. Then I'm at eaſe.

Bend. The Night is yours, the glittering Hoſt of Heav'n
Shines but for you; but moſt the Star of Love,
That twinkles you to fair *Almeyda*'s Bed.
Oh there's a Joy, to melt in her Embrace,
Diſſolve in Pleaſure;
And make the Gods curſe Immortality,
That ſo they cou'd not die.
But haſte, and make 'em yours.

Emp. I will; and yet
A kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart;
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch;
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and lugs along,
As if ſhe were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Subſtance made of Fire.
My Senſes too are dull and ſtupify'd,
Their Edge rebated; ſure ſome Ill approaches,
And ſome kind Spright knocks ſoftly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand.

Bend. Mere Fancies all.
Your Soul has been before-hand with your Body,
And drunk ſo deep a Draught of promis'd Bliſs,
She ſlumbers o'er the Cup; no danger's near,
But of a Surfeit at too full a Feaſt.

Emp. It may be ſo; it looks ſo like the Dream
That overtook me at my waking Hour,

This

This Morn; and Dreams they ſay are then divine,
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
And ſome o'erpowring God continues Sleep.
'Twas then methought *Almeyda*, ſmiling, came
Attended with a Train of all her Race,
Whom in the Rage of Empire I had murder'd.
But now, no longer Foes they gave me Joy
Of my new Conqueſt, and with helping Hands
Heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's Arms,
Who bore me in a purple Cloud to Heav'n.

Bend. Good Omen, Sir; I wiſh you in that Heav'n
Your Dream portends you,
Which preſages Death——— [*Aſide.*

Emp. Thou too wert there;
And thou methought didſt puſh me from below,
With thy full force to Paradiſe.

Bend. Yet better.

Emp. Ha! what's that grizly Fellow that attends thee?

Bend. Why ask you, Sir?

Emp. For he was in my Dream;
And help'd to heave me up.

Bend. With Prayers and Wiſhes;
For I dare ſwear him honeſt.

Emp. That may be;
But yet he looks Damnation.

Bend. You forget
The Face wou'd pleaſe you better: Do you love,
And can you thus forbear?

Emp. I'll head my People;
Then think of dalliance when the Danger's o'er.
My warlike Spirits work now another way;
And my Soul's tun'd to Trumpets.

Bend. You debaſe your ſelf,
To think of mixing with th'ignoble Herd.
Let ſuch perform the ſervile Work of War,
Such who have no *Almeyda* to enjoy.
What, ſhall the People know their God-like Prince
Skulk'd in a nightly Skirmiſh? Stole a Conqueſt,
Headed a Rabble, and profan'd his Perſon,
Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a tide of Ordure,

And

And ſtifled with their rank offenſive Sweat ?
Emp. I am off again : I will not proſtitute
The regal Dignity ſo far, to head 'em.
Bend. There ſpoke a King.
Diſmiſs your Guards to be employ'd elſewhere
In ruder Combats : You will want no Seconds
In thoſe Alarms you ſeek.
Emp. Go join the Croud; [*To the Guards.*
Benducar, thou ſhalt lead 'em in my Place. [*Ex. Guards.*
The God of Love once more has ſhot his Fires
Into my Soul; and my whole Heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her Charms;
I feel her as ſhe glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood : So when our Prophet
Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, inſipid, tedious Paradiſe,
A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by;
Paſſing ſhe caſt at him a ſide-long Glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be purſu'd :
He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair;
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.
[*Exit Emp.*
Bend. That Paradiſe thou never ſhalt poſſeſs.
His Death is eaſy now, his Guards are gone;
And I can ſin but once to ſeize the Throne.
All After-acts are ſanctify'd by Power.
Orc. Command my Sword and Life.
Bend. I thank thee *Orchan*,
And ſhall reward thy Faith : This Maſter-Key
Frees every Lock, and leads us to his Perſon :
And ſhou'd we miſs our Blow, as Heav'n forbid,
Secures Retreat : Leave open all behind us;
And firſt ſet wide the *Mufti*'s Garden-Gate,
Which is his private Paſſage to the Palace :
For there our Mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid. Now ſleep ye Stars,
That ſilently o'erwatch the Fate of Kings;
Be all propitious Influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard.
[*Exit with* Orchan.

A Night SCENE *of the* Mufti's *Garden.*

Enter the Mufti *alone, in a Slave's Habit, like that of* Antonio.

Muf. This 'tis to have a ſound Head-piece; by this I have got to be chief of my Religion; that is, honeſtly ſpeaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe my ſelf. For what's *Mahomet* to me, but that I get by him? Now for my Policy of this Night: I have mew'd up my ſuſpected Spouſe in her Chamber. No more Embaſſies to that luſty young Stallion of a Gard'ner. Next my Habit of a Slave; I have made my ſelf as like him as I can, all but his Youth and Vigour; which when I had, I paſs'd my Time as well as any of my Holy Predeceſſors. Now walking under the Windows of my Seraglio: If *Johayma* look out, ſhe will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I ſhall know what Concupiſcence is working in her; ſhe cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my Safety; but if ſhe peep, if ſhe put her Noſe abroad, there's Demonſtration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the firſt Precedent for a Church-man to forgive Injuries.

Enter Morayma *running to him with a Casket in her Hand, and embracing him.*

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good Conſcience; here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

Muf. I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didſt thou know me in this diſguiſe? And what Pearls and Jewels doſt thou mean?

Mor. [*Going back.*]——What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, *Morayma?*

Mor. I think you'll make me ſo.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thy ſelf, and ſpeak Senſe to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worſt of Fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten ſuch a Monſter? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

Mor.

Mor. You have been raking together a Maſs of Wealth, by indirect and wicked Means; the Spoils of Orphans are in theſe Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in theſe Pearls.

Muſ. Thou amazeſt me!

Mor. I wou'd do ſo. This Casket is loaded with your Sins; 'tis the Cargo of Rapines, Simony, and Extortions; the Iniquity of thirty Years Muftiſhip, converted into Diamonds.

Muſ. Would ſome rich railing Rogue would ſay as much to me, that I might ſqueeze his Purſe for Scandal.

Mor. No, Sir, you get more by pious Fools than Railers, when you inſinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they live, and beggar their Heirs by getting Legacies, when they die. And do you think I'll be the Receiver of your Theft? I diſcharge my Conſcience of it: Here take again your filthy Mammon, and reſtore it, you had beſt, to the true Owners.

Muſ. I am finely documented by my own Daughter.

Mor. And a great Credit for me to be ſo: Do but think how decent a Habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be diſguis'd like a Slave, and Eves-dropping under the Women's Windows, to be ſaluted, as you deſerve it richly, with a Piſs-pot. If I had not known you caſually by your ſhambling Gate, and a certain reverend awkardneſs that is natural to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the Laughter of your own Servants; who have been in ſearch of you thro the whole Seraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

Muſ. Prithee Child reproach me no more of human Failings; they are but a little of the Pitch and Spors of the World that are ſtill ſticking on me; but I hope to ſcour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou think'ſt; I am not the Man thou tak'ſt me for.

Mor. No, to my Sorrow, Sir, you are not.

Muſ. It was a very odd Beginning tho methought, to ſee thee come running in upon me with ſuch a warm

Embrace; prithee what was the Meaning of that violent hot Hug?

Mor. I am ſure I meant nothing by it, but the Zeal and Affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

Muſ. But thou wilt not teach me at this Age the Nature of a cloſe Embrace?

Mor. No, indeed: for my Mother-in-law complains, that you are paſt teaching: But if you miſtook my innocent Embrace for Sin, I wiſh heartily it had been given where it would have been more acceptable.

Muſ. Why this is as it ſhould be now: Take the Treaſure again, it can never be put into better Hands.

Mor. Yes to my Knowledg but it might. I have confeſs'd my Soul to you, if you can underſtand me rightly; I never diſobey'd you till this Night; and now ſince through the Violence of my Paſſion, I have been ſo unfortunate, I humbly beg your Pardon, your Bleſſing, and your Leave, that upon the firſt Opportunity I may go for ever from your Sight; for Heav'n knows, I never deſire to ſee you more.

Muſ. [*Wiping his Eyes.*] Thou mak'ſt me weep at thy Unkindneſs; indeed, dear Daughter, we will not part.

Mor. Indeed, dear Daddy, but we will.

Muſ. Why, if I have been a little pilfering, or ſo, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; ſince it was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without Offence to his own Child: Here take the Jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

Mor. Well then, in virtue of Obedience I will take 'em; but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better Hand.

Muſ. Meaning mine I know it.

Mor. Meaning his whom I love better than my Life.

Muſ. That's me again.

Mor. I would have you think ſo.

Muſ. How thy good Nature works upon me; well, I can do no leſs than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to riſe to Night.

Enter Antonio *in an* African *rich Habit.*

Ant. What do you mean, my Dear, to ſtand talking in this ſuſpicious Place, juſt underneath *Johayma*'s Window? [*To the* Mufti.] You are well met Comrade, I know you are the Friend of our Flight; are the Horſes ready at the Poſtern Gate?

Muf. Antonio, and in diſguiſe? now I begin to ſmell a Rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-ſtinks it; falſe *Morayma*, haſt thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd my ſelf: He came diſguis'd like you, and I poor Innocent ran into his Hands.

Muf. In good time you did ſo; I laid a Trap for a Bitch Fox, and a worſe Vermine has caught himſelf in it: You would fain break looſe now, though you left a Limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories and in call of Company, that's my Comfort.

Ant. [*Taking him by the Throat.*] No; I have a Trick left to put thee paſt thy ſqueeking: I have given thee the Quinzey; that ungracious Tongue ſhall preach no more falſe Doctrine.

Mor. What do yon mean? you will not throttle him? conſider he's my Father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide firſt for our own Safety; if I do not conſider him, he will conſider us with a Vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my ſake give him back a little Cranny of his Windpipe, and ſome Part of Speech.

Ant. Not ſo much as one ſingle Interjection: Come away Father in-law, this is no place for Dialogues; when you are in the Moſque you talk by Hours, and there no Man muſt interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in law; now I am in the Pulpit, 'tis your Turn to hold your Tongue. [*He ſtruggles.*] Nay if you will be hanging back, I ſhall take care you ſhall hang forward.

[*Pulls him along the Stage with his Sword at his Reins.*

Mor. T'other way to the Arbour with him; and make haſte before we are diſcover'd.

Ant.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil Uſage; he deſerves not ſo much favour by any Action of his Life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your Miſtreſs.

Ant. I would, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in ſilence, my Pythagorean Father-in-Law.

Joh. [*At the Balcony.*] —— A Bird in a Cage may peep at leaſt, tho ſhe muſt not fly; what buſtle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio* by all my Hopes, I know him by his Habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and haſting hence? this is no time for ſilence: Who's within, call there, where are the Servants? why *Omar*, *Abedin*, *Haſſan*, and the reſt, make haſte and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; arm all the Family, and ſtop 'em.

Ant. [*Turning back.*] O that Screich Owl at the Window! we ſhall be purſu'd immediately; which way ſhall we take?

Mor. [*Giving him the Caſket.*] 'Tis impoſſible to eſcape them; for the way to our Horſes lies back again by the Houſe; and then we ſhall meet 'em full in the Teeth: here take theſe Jewels; thou mayſt leap the Walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then, poor kind Soul?

Mor. I muſt take my Fortune; when you are got ſafe into your own Country, I hope you will beſtow a Sigh on the Memory of her who lov'd you.

Ant. It makes me mad, to think how many a good Night will be loſt betwixt us! take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Caſket without thee; beſides, I ſhould never leap well with the weight of all thy Father's Sins about me; thou and they had been a Bargain.

Mor. Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No; they'll ſerve to make thy Peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming: ſhift for your ſelf at leaſt; remember I am yours for ever.

[*Servants crying, This way, this way, behind the Scenes.*

Ant. And I but the empty Shadow of my ſelf without thee! Farewell Father-in-Law, that ſhou'd have been, if I had not been curſt in my Mother's Belly——Now which way Fortune?——

Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.

[*Servants within, Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.*

Ant. O here's a Gate open; but it leads into the Caſtle; yet I muſt venture it. [*Going out.*

[*A Shout behind the Scenes where* Antonio *is going out.*

Ant. There's the Rabble in a Mutiny; what is the Devil up at Midnight!——However 'tis good herding in a Croud. [*Runs out.*

[Mufti *runs to* Morayma, *and lays hold on her, then ſnatches away the Casket.*

Muf. Now, to do things in order, firſt I ſeize upon the Bag, and then upon the Baggage: for thou art but my Fleſh and Blood, but theſe are my Life and Soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my Fleſh and Blood, and keep to your ſelf your Life and Soul.

Muf. Both or none, come away to Durance.

Mor. Well if it muſt be ſo, agreed, for I have another Trick to play you; and thank yourſelf for what ſhall follow.

Enter Servants.

Joh. [*from above.*] One of them took through the private way into the Caſtle; follow him be ſure, for theſe are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly, *Omar*, *Abedine*; I have hold on the Villain that ſtole my Jewels; but 'tis a luſty Rogue, and he will prove too ſtrong for me; what! help I ſay, do you not know your Maſter's Daughter?

Muf. Now if I cry out, they will know my Voice; and then I am diſgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous Cockatrice!

Mor. Of your own begetting. [*The Servants ſeize him*

1*ſt Serv.* What a glorious Deliverance have you had Madam, from this bloody-minded Chriſtian!

Mor

Mor. Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notorious Malefactor to be puniſh'd by my Father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot.

[*Takes the Jewels, and runs out after* Antonio *at the ſame Paſſage.*

1*ſt Serv.* I long to be handſelling his Hide, before we bring him to my Maſter.

2*d Serv.* Hang him for an old covetous Hypocrite: he deſerves a worſe Puniſhment himſelf for keeping us ſo hardly.

1*ſt Serv.* Ay, wou'd he were in this Villain's place: thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus. [*Beats him.*

2*d Serv.* And thus wou'd I revenge my ſelf of my laſt beating. [*He beats him too, and then the reſt.*

Muf. Oh! ho, ho!

1*ſt Serv.* Now ſuppoſing you were the *Mufti*, Sir.— [*Beats him again.*

Muf. The Devil's in that ſuppoſing Raſcal; I can bear no more; and I am the *Mufti:* Now ſuppoſe yourſelves my Servants, and hold your Hands: an anointed Halter take you all.

1*ſt Serv.* My Maſter! you will pardon the Exceſs of our Zeal for you, Sir; indeed we all took you for a Villain, and ſo we us'd you.

Muf. Ay, ſo I feel you did; my Back and Sides are abundant Teſtimonies of your Zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my fugitive Daughter: run, I ſay.

[*They run to the Gate, and the firſt Servant runs back again.*

1*ſt Serv.* Sir, the Caſtle is in a moſt terrible Combuſtion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muf. 'Tis a laudable Commotion: the Voice of the Mobile is the Voice of Heaven. I muſt retire a little, to ſtrip me of the Slave, and to aſſume the *Mufti*; and then I will return: for the Piety of the People muſt be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my Jewels and my Daughter. [*Exit* Mufti *and Servants.*

The SCENE *changes to the Caſtle-Yard,*

And diſcovers Antonio, Muſtapha, *and the Rabble ſhouting: They come forward.*

Ant. And ſo at length, as I inform'd you, I ſcap'd out of his covetous Clutches; and now fly to your illuſtrious Feet for my Protection.

Muſt. Thou ſhalt have it, and now defy the *Mufti*. 'Tis the firſt Petition that has been made to me ſince my Exaltation to Tumult; in this ſecond Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the Year of the *Hegyra*;—the Lord knows what Year; but 'tis no matter: for when I am ſettled, the Learned are bound to find it out for me: for I am reſolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble like other Monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again; tho I could not compaſs it before, and had deſign'd you a Casket of my Maſter's Jewels too; for I knew the Cuſtom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Perſon, as you are, without a Preſent; but he has defrauded my good Intentions, and baſely robb'd you of 'em: 'tis a Prize worthy a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of Marque about you.

Muſt. I ſhall make bold with his Treaſure, for the Support of my new Government. [*The People gather about him.*

What do theſe vile Raggamuffins ſo near our Perſon? your Savour is offenſive to us; bear back there, and make room for honeſt Men to approach us; theſe Fools and Knaves are always impudently crouding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deſerving; bear back, I ſay.

[*They make a wider Circle.*

That's dutifully done! now ſhout to ſhew your Loyalty. [*A great Shout.*] Hear'ſt thou that, Slave *Antonio?* theſe obſtreperous Villains ſhout, and know not for what they make a Noiſe. You ſhall ſee me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant Beaſts they are. For whom do you ſhout now? Who's to live and reign? tell me that the wiſeſt of you.

1ſt *Rabble.* Even who you pleaſe, Captain.

Muſt.

Muſt. La you there; I told you ſo.

2*d Rabble.* We are not bound to know who is to live and reign; our Buſineſs is only to riſe upon Command, and plunder.

3*d Rabble.* Ay, the richeſt of both Parties; for they are our Enemies.

Muſt. This laſt Fellow is a little more ſenſible than the reſt; he has enter'd ſomewhat into the Merits of the Cauſe.

1*ſt Rabble.* If a poor Man may ſpeak his Mind, I think, Captain, that your ſelf are the fitteſt to Live and Reign, I mean not over, but next and immediately under the People; and thereupon I ſay, *A Muſtapha, A Muſtapha!*

[*All cry, A Muſtapha, A Muſtapha!*

Muſt. I muſt confeſs the Sound is pleaſing, and tickles the Ears of my Ambition; but alas, good People, it muſt not be! I am contented to be a poor ſimple Viceroy; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man: I ſhall take care to inſtruct him in the Arts of Government, and in his Duty to us all: and therefore mark my Cry, *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan!*

[*All cry, A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan!*

Muſt. You ſee, Slave *Antonio,* what I might have been.

Ant. I obſerve your Modeſty.

Muſt. But for a fooliſh Promiſe I made once to my Lord *Benducar,* to ſet up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter the Mufti *with his Servants.*

Ant. Here's the old Hypocrite again; now ſtand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the Jewels, the rich and glorious Jewels; they are deſign'd to be yours, by virtue of Prerogative.

Muſt. Let me alone to pick a Quarrel, I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

Muf. [*Making up to the Mobile*] Good People, here you are met together.

1*ſt Rabble.* Ay, we know that without your telling; but why are we met together, Doctor? for that's it which no body here can tell.

2*d Rabble.* Why to ſee one another in the dark; and to make Holiday at Midnight.

Muſ. You are met as becomes good Muſulmen, to ſettle the Nation; for I muſt tell you, that tho your Tyrant is a lawful Emperor, yet your lawful Emperor is but a Tyrant.

Ant. What ſtuff he talks!

Muſt. 'Tis excellent fine matter, indeed, Slave *Antonio*; he has a rare Tongue; Oh, he wou'd move a Rock or Elephant!

Ant. [*Aſide.*] What a Block have I to work upon! But ſtill remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels. [*To him.*

Muſt. Nay that's true on t'other ſide: the Jewels muſt be mine; but he has a pure fine way of talking; my Conſcience goes along with him, but the Jewels have ſet my Heart againſt him.

Muf. That your Emperor is a Tyrant is moſt manifeſt; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you; and is taking your Religion away.

2*d Rabble.* We find that in our decay of Trade; I have ſeen for theſe hundred Years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

Muf. He is now upon the point of marrying himſelf, without your Sovereign Conſent; and what are the effects of Marriage?

3*d Rabble.* A ſcolding domineering Wife, if ſhe prove honeſt; and if a Whore, a fine gaudy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and ſpends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

Muf. No, the natural Effects of Marriage are Children: Now on whom wou'd he beget theſe Children? Even upon a Chriſtian! Oh horrible; how can you believe me, tho I am ready to ſwear it upon the Alcoran! Yes, true Believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

Muſt. That's fine in earneſt; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting Tongue.

Ant. But yet remember———

Muſt. Ay, Ay, the Jewels! now again I hate him; but yet my Conſcience makes me liſten to him.

Muf. Therefore to conclude all, Believers, pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant: Remember the

Courage

Courage of your Anceſtors; remember the Majeſty of the People, remember your ſelves, your Wives and Children; and laſtly, above all, remember your Religion, and our holy *Mahomet*; all theſe require your timous Aſſiſtance; ſhall I ſay they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the neareſt and deareſt Tyes of theſe three P's, Self-Preſervation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now anſwer me with an unanimous chearful Cry, and follow me, who am your Leader, to a glorious Deliverance.

[*All cry, A* Mufti, *A* Mufti! *and are following him off the Stage.*

Ant. Now you ſee what comes of your fooliſh Qualms of Conſcience: The Jewels are loſt, and they are all leaving you.

Muſt. What, am I forſaken of my Subjects? Wou'd the Rogue purloin my liege People from me! I charge you in my own Name come back ye Deſerters, and hear me ſpeak.

1ſt Rabble. What, will he come with his Balderdaſh, after the *Mufti's* eloquent Oration?

2d Rabble. He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up and elected upon a Stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, Captain, for we will hear you.

Muſt. Do you remember the glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed? your breaking open and gutting of Houſes, your rummaging of Cellars, your demoliſhing of Chriſtian Temples, and bearing off in Triumph the ſuperſtitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Altars, when all rich Movables were ſentenc'd for Idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was ſeiz'd? Anſwer firſt for your remembrance, of all theſe ſweetneſſes of Mutiny; for upon thoſe Grounds I ſhall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Muſt. Then make much of your retentive Faculties. And who led you to thoſe Honey-Combs? Your *Mufti?* No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it, but durſt not lead you; he was but your Counſellor, but I was your Captain; he only loo'd you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his Figures.

Muſt. I think I was, Slave *Antonio.* Alas I was ignorant of my own Talent.——Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Mufti?* Or a *Mufti* for your Captain? And further to inſtruct you how to cry, Will you have a *Mufti*, or no *Mufti?*

Omnes. No *Mufti*, no *Mufti.*

Muſt. That I laid in for 'em, Slave *Antonio.*—— Do I then ſpit upon your Faces? do I diſcourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plund'ring? You may think I do, Believers, but Heav'n forbid: No, I encourage you to all theſe laudable Undertakings; you ſhall plunder, you ſhall pull down the Government; but you ſhall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked Inſtigation.

3*d Rabble.* Nay, when his turn is ſerv'd, he may preach up Loyalty again, and Reſtitution; that he might have another Snack among us.

1*ſt Rabble.* He may indeed; for 'tis but his ſaying 'tis Sin, and then we muſt reſtore; and therefore I wou'd have a new Religion, where half the Commandments ſhou'd be taken away, the reſt mollify'd, and there ſhou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes. Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

Muſt. And that may eaſily be done, with the help of a little Inſpiration: For I muſt tell you I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomet's* own Breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Peaſe out of my Ear, reſt ſatisfy'd till then, and you ſhall have another. But now I think on't, I am inſpir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depoſe the *Mufti.*

Ant. And good reaſon; for when Kings and Queens are to be diſcarded, what ſhou'd Knaves do any longer in the Pack?

Omnes. He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Muſt. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Bleſſing, 'tis but Juſtice they ſhou'd have the Firſt-Fruits of it——Slave *Antonio*, take him into Cuſtody; and doſt thou hear Boy, be ſure to ſecure the little tranſitory Box of Jewels; If he

he be obſtinate, put a civil Queſtion to him upon the Rack, and he ſqueeks I warrant him.

Ant. [*Seizing the Muſti.*] Come my *quondam* Maſter, you and I muſt change Qualities.

Muf. I hope you will not be ſo barbarous to torture me; we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Fleſh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Muſt. Now, late *Mufti*, not forgetting my firſt Quarrel to you, we will enter ourſelves with the Plunder of your Palace: 'tis good to ſanctify a Work, and begin a God's Name.

1ſt Rabble. Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the laſt Mob.

Mob. But he takes care of this himſelf.

As they are going out, enter Benducar *leading* Almeyda: *He with a Sword in one hand*; Benducar's *Slave follows, with* Muley-Moluch's *Head upon a Spear.*

Muſt. Not ſo much haſte, Maſters; come back again; you are ſo bent upon Miſchief, that you take a Man upon the firſt Word of Plunder. Here's a ſight for you: the Emperor is come upon his Head to viſit you. [*Bowing*] Moſt Noble Emperor, Now I hope you will not hit us in the Teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your Face, that we have exalted you.

[*They all ſhout.*

Bend. [*to* Almeyda *apart.*] Think what I am, and what your ſelf may be,
In being mine: refuſe not proffer'd Love,
That brings a Crown.

Alm. [*to him.*] I have reſolv'd,
And theſe ſhall know my Thoughts.

Bend. [*to her.*] On that I build—

[*He comes up to the Rabble.*

Joy to the People for the Tyrant's Death!
Oppreſſion, Rapine, Baniſhment, and Blood
Are now no more; but ſpeechleſs as that Tongue
That lies for ever ſtill.
How is my Grief divided with my Joy,
When I muſt own I kill'd him! bid me ſpeak,
For not to bid me, is to diſallow
What for your ſakes is done.

Muſt.

Muſt. In the Name of the People we command you ſpeak: But that pretty Lady ſhall ſpeak firſt; for we have taken ſomewhat of a liking to her Perſon. Be not afraid, Lady, to ſpeak to theſe rude Raggamuffins: There's nothing ſhall offend you, unleſs it be their Stink, and pleaſe you. [*Making a Leg.*

Alm. Why ſhou'd I fear to ſpeak, who am your Queen?
My peaceful Father ſway'd the Scepter long;
And you enjoy'd the Bleſſings of his Reign,
While you deſerv'd the Name of *Africans.*
Then not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearleſs I ſpeak: know me for what I am.

Bend. How ſhe aſſumes! I like not this beginning. [*Aſide.*

Alm. I was not born ſo baſe to flatter Crouds,
And move your Pity by a whining Tale:
Your Tyrant wou'd have forc'd me to his Bed;
But in th' Attempt of that foul Brutal Act,
Theſe loyal Slaves ſecur'd me by his Death. [*Pointing to* Ben.

Bend. Makes ſhe no more of me than of a Slave? [*Aſide.*
Madam, I thought I had inſtructed you [*To* Almeyda.
To frame a Speech more ſuiting to the Times:
The Circumſtances of that dire Deſign,
Your own Deſpair, my unexpected Aid,
My Life endanger'd by his bold Defence,
And after all, his Death, and your Deliverance,
Were Themes that ought not to be ſlighted o'er.

Muſt. She might have paſs'd over all your petty Buſineſſes, and no great matter: But the raiſing of my Rabble is an Exploit of Conſequence; and not to be mumbled up in Silence, for all her Pertneſs.

Alm. When Force invades the Gift of Nature, Life,
The eldeſt Law of Nature, bids defend:
And if in that Defence a Tyrant fall,
His Death's his Crime, not ours.
Suffice it that he's dead: all Wrongs die with him:
When he can wrong no more, I pardon him:
Thus I abſolve my ſelf; and him excuſe,
Who ſav'd my Life and Honour; but praiſe neither.

Bend. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay;
But what ſpeak I of Payment and Reward!
Ungrateful Woman, you are yet no Queen; Nor

Nor more than a proud haughty Chriſtian Slave:
As ſuch I ſeize my Right. [*Going to lay hold on her.*
Alm. [*drawing a Dagger*] Dare not to approach me;
Now *Africans*,
He ſhows himſelf to you; to me he ſtood
Confeſs'd before, and own'd his Inſolence
T'eſpouſe my Perſon, and aſſume the Crown,
Claim'd in my Right: for this he ſlew your Tyrant;
Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worſe;
Embas'd your Slavery by his own Vileneſs,
And loaded you with more ignoble Bonds:
Then think me not ungrateful, not to ſhare,
Th' imperial Crown with a preſuming Traitor.
He ſays I am a Chriſtian; true I am,
But yet no Slave: If Chriſtians can be thought
Unfit to govern thoſe of other Faith,
'Tis left for you to judge.
Bend. I have not patience; ſhe conſumes the time
In idle Talk, and owns her falſe Belief:
Seize by her force, and bear her hence unheard.
Alm. [*to the People*] No, let me rather die your Sacri-
Than live his Triumph; (fice,
I throw my ſelf into my Peoples Arms;
As you are Men, compaſſionate my Wrongs,
And as good Men, protect me.
Ant. Someting muſt be done to ſave her.
[*aſide to* Muſt.] This is all addreſs'd to you, Sir: She ſingled you out with her Eye, as Commander in chief of the Mobility.
Muſt. Think'ſt thou ſo, Slave *Antonio?*
Ant. Moſt certainly, Sir, and you cannot in Honour but protect her; now look to your hits, and make your Fortune.
Muſt. Methought indeed ſhe caſt a kind leer towards me: Our Prophet was but juſt ſuch another Scoundrel as I am, till he rais'd himſelf to Power, and conſequently to Holineſs, by marrying his Maſter's Widow: I am reſolv'd I'll put forward for my ſelf: for why ſhou'd I be my Lord *Benducar*'s Fool and Slave, when I may be my own Fool and his Maſter?
Bend. Take her into Poſſeſſion, *Muſtapha.* *Muſt.*

Muſt. That's better Counſel than you meant it: Yes, I do take her into Poſſeſſion, and into Protection too: What ſay you, Maſters, will you ſtand by me?

Omn. One and all; one and all.

Bend. Haſt thou betray'd me, Traitor? *Mufti*, Speak, and mind 'em of Religion.

[Mufti *ſhakes his Head.*

Muſt. Alas, the poor Gentleman has gotten a Cold with a Sermon of two Hours long, and a Prayer of four; and beſides, if he durſt ſpeak, Mankind is grown wiſer at this time of Day than to cut one another's Throats about Religion. Our *Mufti*'s is a green Coat, and the Chriſtian's is a black Coat; and we muſt wiſely go together by the Ears, whether green or black ſhall ſweep our Spoils.

[*Drums within, and Shouts.*

Bend. Now we ſhall ſee whoſe Numbers will prevail:
The conquering Troops of *Muley-Zeydan* come
To cruſh Rebellion, and eſpouſe my Cauſe.

Muſt. We will have a fair Trial of Skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have diſpatch'd with *Muley-Zeydan*, your Lordſhip ſhall march in equal Proportions of your Body, to the four Gates of the City: and every Tower ſhall have a Quarter of you.

[Antonio *draws them up, and takes* Alm. *by the Hand. Shouts again, and Drums.*

Enter Dorax *and* Sebaſtian *attended by* African *Soldiers and* Portugueſes. Almeyda *and* Sebaſtian *run into each other's Arms, and both ſpeak together.*

Seb. and *Alm.* My *Sebaſtian!* My *Almeyda!*

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How! *Dorax* and *Sebaſtian* ſtill alive!
The Moors and Chriſtians join'd! I thank thee, Prophet.

Dor. The Citadel is ours; and *Muley-Zeydan*
Safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince.
Lay down your Arms: Such baſe Plebeian Blood
Wou'd only ſtain the Brightneſs of my Sword,
And blunt it for ſome nobler Work behind.

Muſt

Muſt. I ſuppoſe you may put it up without offence to any Man here preſent. For my Part, I have been loyal to my Sovereign Lady: tho that Villain *Benducar*, and that Hypocrite the *Mufti*, would have corrupted me; but if thoſe two 'ſcape publick Juſtice, then I and all my late honeſt Subjects here deſerve Hanging.

Bend. [*to Dor.*] I'm ſure I did my Part to poiſon thee,
What Saint ſoe'er has ſodder'd thee again:
A Doſe leſs hot had burſt thro Ribs of Iron.

Muf. Not knowing that, I poiſon'd him once more,
And drench'd him with a Draught ſo deadly cold,
That, hadſt not thou prevented, had congeal'd
The Channel of his Blood, and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interpoſing Fool, to mangle Miſchief,
And think to mend the perfect Work of Hell.

Dor. Thus when Heaven pleaſes, double Poiſons cure.
I will not tax thee of Ingratitude
To me thy Friend, who haſt betray'd thy Prince:
Death he deſerv'd indeed, but not from thee.
But Fate, it ſeems, reſerv'd the worſt of Men
To end the worſt of Tyrants.
Go bear him to his Fate,
And ſend him to attend his Maſter's Ghoſt.
Let ſome ſecure my other poiſoning Friend,
Whoſe double Diligence preſerv'd my Life.

Ant. You are fallen into good Hands, Father-in-Law; your ſparkling Jewels, and *Morayma*'s Eyes may prove a better Bail than you deſerve.

Muf. The beſt that can come of me, in this Condition, is to have my Life begg'd firſt, and then to be begg'd for a Fool afterwards.

[*Exit* Antonio *with the* Mufti, *and at the ſame time* Benducar *is carry'd off.*

Dor. [*to Muſt.*] You and your hungry Herd depart untouch'd;
For Juſtice cannot ſtoop ſo low, to reach
The groveling Sin of Crouds; but curſt be they
Who truſt Revenge with ſuch mad Inſtruments,
Whoſe blindfold Buſineſs is but to deſtroy:
And like the Fire commiſſion'd by the Winds,
Begins on Sheds, but rowling in a Round,

On

On Palaces returns. Away ye Skum,
That ſtill riſe upmoſt when the Nation boils:
Ye Mongrel Work of Heaven, with humane Shapes,
Not to be damn'd or ſav'd, but breathe and periſh,
That have but juſt enough of Senſe, to know
The Maſter's Voice when rated, to depart.
[*Exeunt* Muſtapha *and Rabble.*

Alm. With Gratitude as low, as Knees can pay
[*Kneeling to him*
To thoſe bleſt holy Fires, our Guardian Angels,
Receive theſe Thanks: till Altars can be rais'd.

Dor. Ariſe fair Excellence, and pay no Thanks,
[*Raiſing her up.*
Till Time diſcover what I have deſerv'd.

Seb. More than Reward can anſwer.
If *Portugal* and *Spain* were join'd to *Africa*,
And the main Ocean cruſted into Land,
If Univerſal Monarchy were mine,
Here ſhou'd the Gift be plac'd.

Dor. And from ſome Hands I ſhou'd refuſe that Gift:
Be not too prodigal of Promiſes;
But ſtint your Bounty to one only Grant,
Which I can ask with Honour.

Seb. What I am
Is but thy Gift, make what thou canſt of me,
Secure of no Repulſe.

Dor. [*to Seb.*] Diſmiſs your Train.
[*To Alm.*] You, Madam, pleaſe one Moment to retire.
Sebaſtian *ſigns to the* Portugueſes *to go off:* Almeyda *bowing to him, goes off alſo: The* Africans *follow her.*

Dor. [*To the Captain of the Guard.*] With you one Word in private. [*Goes out with the Captain.*

Seb. [*ſolus.*] Reſerv'd Behavior, open Nobleneſs,
A long myſterious Track of ſtern Bounty.
But now the Hand of Fate is on the Curtain,
And draws the Scene to ſight.

Re-enter Dorax, *having taken off his Turbant, and put on a Peruke, Hat, and Cravat.*

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou ſhou'dſt be *Alonzo.*
Dor. So you ſhou'd be *Sebaſtian:*
But when *Sebaſtian* ceas'd to be himſelf,
I ceas'd to be *Alonzo.*
Seb. As in a Dream
I ſee thee here, and ſcarce believe mine Eyes.
Dor. Is it ſo ſtrange to find me where my Wrongs,
And your inhumane Tyranny have ſent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my Injuries
Shall call ſo loud, that Lethargy ſhou'd wake;
And Death ſhou'd give you back to anſwer me.
A thouſand Nights have bruſh'd their balmy Wings
Over theſe Eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Your Tyrant Image forc'd 'em ope again,
And dry'd the Dews they brought.
The long-expected Hour is come at length,
By manly Vengeance to redeem my Fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal Sleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a King;
Whoſe Royal Office is Redreſs of Wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me Face to Face;
I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.
Dor. 'Tis the firſt Juſtice thou haſt ever done me;
Then tho I loath this Woman's War of Tongues,
Yet ſhall my Cauſe of Vengeance firſt be clear;
And Honour be thou Judge.
Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy Griefs
In Terms becoming Majeſty to hear:
I warn thee thus, becauſe I know thy Temper
Is inſolent and haughty to Superiors:
How often haſt thou brav'd my peaceful Court,
Fill'd it with noiſy Brawls, and windy Boaſts;
And, with paſt Service, nauſeouſly repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince?
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot Reward,
The Part of Heav'n in Kings: for Puniſhment
Is Hangman's Work, and Drudgery for Devils.
I muſt, and will reproach thee with my Service,
Tyrant (it irks me ſo to call my Prince,)

But juſt Reſentment and hard Uſage coin'd
Th' unwilling Word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy Due.

Seb. How, Tyrant!

Dor. Tyrant.

Seb. Traitor; that Name thou canſt not echo back:
That Robe of Infamy, that Circumciſion
Ill hid beneath that Robe, proclaim thee Traitor:
And, if a Name
More foul than Traitor be, 'tis Renegade.

Dor. If I'm a Traitor, think, and bluſh thou Tyrant,
Whoſe Injuries betray'd me into Treaſon,
Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,
And hurry'd me from Hopes of Heaven to Hell.
All theſe, and all my yet unfiniſh'd Crimes,
When I ſhall riſe to plead before the Saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning ſure.

Seb. Thy old preſumptuous Arrogance again,
That bred my firſt Diſlike, and then my Loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for King no more:
This is not *Lisbon*, nor the Circle this,
Where, like a Statue, thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd
By Sycophants, and Fools, the Growth of Courts:
Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gaudy Round,
Met nothing but a Lye in every Face;
And the groſs Flattery of a gaping Croud,
Envious who firſt ſhou'd catch, and firſt applaud
The Stuff or Royal Nonſenſe: when I ſpoke,
My honeſt homely Words were carp'd, and cenſur'd,
For want of Courtly Stile: related Actions,
Tho modeſtly reported, paſs'd for Boaſts:
Secure of Merit if I ask'd Reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded,
And the Bread ſnatch'd from Pimps and Paraſites.
Henriquez anſwer'd, with a ready Lye,
To ſave his King's, the Boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What ſay'ſt thou of *Henriquez*? now by Heav'n
Thou mov'ſt me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd ſcurril Taunts.

Dor.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him.
That Thing, that Nothing, but a Cringe and Smile;
That Woman, but more daub'd; or if a Man,
Corrupted to a Woman: thy Man Miſtreſs.

Seb. All falſe as Hell or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as falſe
As that I ſerv'd thee fifteen hard Campaigns,
And pitch'd thy Standard in theſe foreign Fields:
By me thy Greatneſs grew, thy Years grew with it,
But thy Ingratitude outgrew 'em both.

Seb. I ſee to what thou tend'ſt, but tell me firſt,
If thoſe great Acts were done alone for me;
If Love produc'd not ſome, and Pride the reſt?

Dor. Why, Love does all that's noble here below;
But all th' Advantage of that Love was thine.
For, coming fraughted back, in either Hand
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
(For *Violante*'s Vows were mine before:)
Thy Malice had Prevention, e'er I ſpoke;
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Henriquez*.

Seb. I meant thee a Reward of greater Worth.

Dor. Where Juſtice wanted, could Reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd Paſſenger expect a Bounty
From thoſe rapacious Hands who ſtripp'd him firſt?

Seb. He had my Promiſe, e'er I knew thy Love.

Dor. My Services deſerv'd thou ſhouldſt revoke it.

Seb. Thy Inſolence had cancell'd all thy Service;
To violate my Laws, even in my Court,
Sacred to Peace, and ſafe from all Affronts;
Ev'n to my Face, and done in my Deſpite,
Under the wing of awful Majeſty
To ſtrike the Man I lov'd!

Dor. Ev'n in the Face of Heav'n, a Place more ſacred,
Would I have ſtruck the Man, who, prompt by Power,
Would ſeize my Right, and rob me of my Love:
But, for a Blow provok'd by thy Injuſtice,
The haſty Product of a juſt Deſpair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the Field,
That thou ſhouldſt make a Coward's Cauſe thy own?

Seb.

Seb. He durſt; nay more, deſir'd and begg'd with Tears,
To meet thy Challenge fairly: 'twas thy Fault
To make it publick; but my Duty, then
To interpoſe, on pain of my Diſpleaſure,
Betwixt your Swords.

Dor. On pain of Infamy
He ſhould have diſobey'd.

Seb. Th' Indignity thou didſt was meant to me;
Thy gloomy Eyes were caſt on me with Scorn,
As who ſhould ſay, the Blow was there intended;
But that thou didſt not dare to lift thy Hands
Againſt anointed Power:——ſo was I forc'd
To do a Sovereign Juſtice to my ſelf,
And ſpurn thee from my Preſence.

Dor. Thou haſt dar'd
To tell me, what I durſt not tell my ſelf:
I durſt not think that I was ſpurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boaſted to my Face.
All my long Avarice of Honour loſt,
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age;
Has Honour's Fountain then ſuck'd back the Stream?
He has; and hooting Boys may dry-ſhod paſs,
And gather Pebbles from the naked Ford.——
Give me my Love, my Honour; give 'em back——
Give me Revenge, while I have Breath to ask it——

Seb. Now by this honour'd Order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'ſt ask it——
Nor ſhall the ſacred Character of King
Be urg'd to ſhield me from thy bold Appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The Wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou haſt charg'd me with Ingratitude;
Haſt thou not charg'd me? ſpeak.

Dor. Thou know'ſt I have:
If thou diſown'ſt that Imputation, draw,
And prove my Charge a Lye.

Seb. No; to diſprove that Lye I muſt not draw:
Be conſcious to thy Worth, and tell thy Soul
What thou haſt done this day in my defence:
To fight thee, after this, what were it elſe

Than

Than owning that Ingratitude thou urgeſt?
That *Iſthmus* ſtands between two ruſhing Seas;
Which mounting, view each other from afar;
And ſtrive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that *Iſthmus*.
Thou know'ſt I meant not to preſerve thy Life,
But to reprieve it, for my own Revenge.
I ſav'd thee out of honourable Malice:
Now draw; I ſhould be loth to think thou dar'ſt not:
Beware of ſuch another vile Excuſe.

Seb. O Patience, Heav'n!

Dor. Beware of Patience too;
That's a ſuſpicious Word: It had been proper,
Before thy Foot had ſpurn'd me; now 'tis baſe:
Yet, to diſarm thee of thy laſt Defence,
I have thy Oath for my Security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair Combat:
Fight or be perjur'd now; that's all thy Choice.

Seb. Now I can thank thee as thou wouldſt be thank'd:
[*Drawing.*
Never was Vow of Honour better paid,
If my true Sword but hold, than this ſhall be.
The ſprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding-Night,
More gladly enters not the Liſts of Love.
Why 'tis Enjoyment to be ſummon'd thus.
Go: Bear my Meſſage to *Henriquez*' Ghoſt;
And ſay his Maſter and his Friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His Ghoſt! then is my hated Rival dead?

Seb. The Queſtion is beſide our preſent Purpoſe;
Thou ſeeſt me ready; we delay too long.

Dor. A Minute is not much in either's Life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall. (him.

Seb. He's dead: Make haſte, and thou mayſt yet o'ertake

Dor. When I was haſty, thou delay'dſt me longer.
I prithee let me hedge one Moment more
Into thy Promiſe: For thy Life preſerv'd,
Be kind; and tell me how that Rival dy'd,
Whoſe Death next thine I wiſh'd.

Seb

Seb. If it would pleaſe thee, thou ſhou'dſt never know:
But thou, like Jealouſy, enquir'ſt a Truth,
Which found will torture thee: He dy'd in Fight:
Fought next my Perſon; as in Conſort fought:
Kept pace for pace, and Blow for every Blow;
Save when he heav'd his Shield in my Defence;
And on his naked Side receiv'd my Wound.
Then when he could no more, he fell at once:
But rowl'd his falling Body croſs their Way;
And made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him ſuch a Death!

Seb. I propheſy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it.
Now judge thy ſelf, who beſt deſerv'd my Love.
I knew you both; (and durſt I ſay) as Heav'n
Foreknew among the ſhining Angel Hoſt
Who would ſtand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted ſo, ſo had he fall'n;
And ſo, had I been favour'd, had I ſtood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears:
Confeſs he juſtly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent Stars,
My Fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O worſe than Hell! what Glory have I loſt,
And what has he acquir'd by ſuch a Death!
I ſhould have fallen by *Sebaſtian*'s ſide,
My Corps had been the Bulwark of my King.
His glorious End was a patch'd Work of Fate,
Ill ſorted with a ſoft effeminate Life;
It ſuited better with my Life than his
So to have dy'd: Mine had been of a Piece,
Spent in your Service, dying at your Feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and ſoft his Life,
The more his Fame, to ſtruggle to the Field,
And meet his glorious Fate: Confeſs, proud Spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very Mouth)
That better he deſerv'd my Love than thou.

Dor. O, whither would you drive me! I muſt grant,
Yes I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling Soul,
Henriquez had your Love with more deſert:
For you he fought, and dy'd; I fought againſt you;

Thro all the Mazes of the bloody Field,
Hunted your ſacred Life; which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious Error of my Fate,
Not of my Soul; my Soul's a Regicide.

Seb. Thou mightſt have given it a more gentle Name:
Thou mean'ſt to kill a Tyrant, not a King. [*More calmly.*
Speak, didſt thou not, *Alonzo?*

Dor. Can I ſpeak!
Alas, I cannot anſwer to *Alonzo:*
No, *Dorax* cannot anſwer to *Alonzo:*
Alonzo was too kind a Name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your Arms,
In that bleſt Age I was the Man you nam'd:
Till Rage and Pride debas'd me into *Dorax*;
And loſt like *Lucifer* my Name above.

Seb. Yet twice this Day I ow'd my Life to *Dorax.*

Dor. I ſav'd you but to kill you; there's my Grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canſt be griev'd, thou canſt repent;
Thou couldſt not be a Villain, tho thou wouldſt:
Thou own'ſt too much in owning thou haſt err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.

Dor. O ſtop this headlong Torrent of your Goodneſs:
It comes too faſt upon a feeble Soul,
Half drown'd in Tears before; ſpare my Confuſion:
For Pity ſpare, and ſay not, ~~firſt~~ you err'd,
For yet I have not dar'd, thro Guilt and Shame,
To throw my ſelf beneath your Royal Feet.
[*Falls at his Feet.*
Now ſpurn this Rebel, this proud Renegade:
'Tis juſt you ſhould, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou ſhouldſt not ask Forgiveneſs firſt,
But thou prevent'ſt me ſtill, in all that's noble.
[*Taking him up.*
Yet I will raiſe thee up with better News:
Thy *Violante*'s Heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, becauſe ſhe was my Ward,
Her Soul was abſent when ſhe gave her Hand:
Nor could my Threats, or his purſuing Courtſhip,
Effect the Conſummation of his Love:
So, ſtill indulging Tears, ſhe pines for thee,

A Widow and a Maid.

Dor. Have I been curſing Heav'n, while Heav'n bleſt me!
I ſhall run mad with Extaſy of Joy:
What, in one Moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my King, and to my Love!
But Pity is my Friend, and ſtops me ſhort,
For my unhappy Rival: Poor *Henriquez!*

Seb. Art thou ſo generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjuſt to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my Arms: [*Embracing him.*
And all our Quarrels be but ſuch as theſe,
Who ſhall love beſt, and cloſeſt ſhall embrace:
Be what *Henriquez* was: Be my *Alonzo.*

Dor. What, my *Alonzo*, ſaid you? my *Alonzo!*
Let my Tears thank you; for I cannot ſpeak:
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent ſuch Thoughts as mine.

Seb. Some ſtrange Reverſe of Fate muſt ſure attend
This vaſt Profuſion, this Extravagance
Of Heav'n, to bleſs me thus. 'Tis Gold ſo pure,
It cannot bear the Stamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye Powers, and take but half away:
With eaſe the Gifts of Fortune I reſign;
But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is a Room of State.*

Enter Dorax *and* Antonio.

Dor. JOY is on every Face, without a Cloud:
As, in the Scene of opening Paradiſe,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being;
Pleas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other.
Such Joy have I, both in my ſelf, and Friends:
And double Joy that I have made 'em happy.

Ant.

Ant. Pleaſure has been the Buſ'neſs of my Life;
And every Change of Fortune eaſy to me,
Becauſe I ſtill was eaſy to my ſelf.
The Loſs of her I lov'd would touch me neareſt;
Yet, if I found her, I might love too much,
And that's uneaſy Pleaſure.

Dor. If ſhe be fated
To be your Wife, your Fate will find her for you:
Predeſtinated Ills are never loſt.

Ant. I had forgot
T'enquire before, but long to be inform'd;
How, poiſon'd and betray'd, and round beſet,
You could unwind your ſelf from all theſe Dangers;
And move ſo ſpeedily to our Relief!

Dor. The double Poiſons, after a ſhort Combat,
Expell'd each other in their Civil War,
By Nature's Benefit; and rous'd my Thoughts
To guard that Life which now I found attack'd.
I ſummon'd all my Officers in haſte,
On whoſe experienc'd Faith I might rely:
All came reſolv'd to die in my Defence,
Save that one Villain who betray'd the Gate.
Our Diligence prevented the Surprize
We juſtly fear'd: So *Muley-Zeydan* found us
Drawn up in Battle, to receive the Charge.

Ant. But how the *Moors* and *Chriſtian* Slaves were join'd,
You have not yet unfolded.

Dor. That remains.
We knew their Intereſt was the ſame with ours:
And tho I hated more than Death, *Sebaſtian*;
I could not ſee him die by vulgar Hands:
But prompted by my Angel, or by his,
Freed all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my ſelf,
Becauſe I would not have his Perſon known.
I need not tell the reſt, th' Event declares it.

Ant. Your Conqueſts came of courſe; their Men were raw,
And yours were diſciplin'd: One doubt remains,
Why you induſtriouſly conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had added Courage to his Men?

Dor. I would not hazard civil Broils betwixt
His Friends and mine: Which might prevent our Combat.
Yet, had he fall'n, I had diſmiſs'd his Troops;
Or if victorious, order'd his Eſcape.
But I forgot a new Increaſe of Joy,
To feaſt him with Surprize; I muſt about it:
Expect my ſwift Return. [*Exit* Dorax.

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Ser. Here's a Lady at the Door, that bids me tell you, ſhe is come to make an end of the Game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What Manner of Woman is ſhe? Does ſhe not want two of the four Elements? has ſhe any thing about her but Air and Fire?

Ser. Truly, ſhe flies about the Room, as if ſhe had Wings inſtead of Legs; I believe ſhe's juſt turning into a Bird: A Houſe-bird I warrant her: And ſo haſty to fly to you, that rather than fail of Entrance, ſhe would come tumbling down the Chimney, like a Swallow.

Enter Morayma.

Ant. [*Running to her, and embracing her.*] Look if ſhe be not here already! What, no denial it ſeems will ſerve your turn? why, thou little Dun, is thy Debt ſo preſſing?

Mor. Little Devil if you pleaſe: Your Leaſe is out, good Mr. Conjurer; and I am come to fetch your Soul and Body; not an Hour of Leudneſs longer in this World for you.

Ant. Where the Devil haſt thou been? and how the Devil didſt thou find me here?

Mor. I follow'd you into the Caſtle-yard: But there was nothing but Tumult, and Confuſion: And I was bodily afraid of being pick'd up by ſome of the Rabble: Conſidering I had a double Charge about me——my Jewels, and my Maiden-head.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my Worſhip's ſole Uſe and Property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

Ant. Not a mouthful a-piece: 'Twas too much odds in Conſcience.

Mor.

Mor. So ſeeking for ſhelter, I naturally ran to the old Place of Aſſignation, the Garden-Houſe: Where for want of Inſtinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well, for thy Comfort, I have ſecur'd thy Father; and I hope thou haſt ſecur'd his Effects for us.

Mor. Yes, truly, I had the prudent Foreſight to conſider that when we grow old, and weary of ſolacing one another, we might have, at leaſt, wherewithal to make merry with the World; and take up with a worſe Pleaſure of eating and drinking, when we were diſabled for a better.

Ant. Thy Fortune will be e'en too good for thee: For thou art going into the Country of Serenades and Gallantries; where thy Street will be haunted every Night with thy fooliſh Lovers, and my Rivals; who will be ſighing, and ſinging under thy inexorable Windows, lamentable Ditties, and call thee cruel, and Goddeſs, and Moon, and Stars, and all the poetical Names of wicked Rhyme. While thou and I are minding our Bus'neſs, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em; at leiſure Minutes, which will be very few, take that by way of threatning.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff ſo much beforehand. But, they ſay, your Churches are fine Places for Love-Devotion: Many a ſhe Saint is there worſhipp'd.

Ant. Temples are there as they are in all other Countries, good Conveniencies for dumb Interviews: I hear the Proteſtants are not much reform'd in that point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the natural Name of Meeting-houſes. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of Devotion than needs muſt, good future Spouſe; and always in a Veil; for thoſe Eyes of thine are damn'd Enemies to Mortification.

Mor. The beſt thing I have heard of Chriſtendom, is, that we Women are allow'd the Privilege of having Souls; and I aſſure you, I ſhall make bold to beſtow mine upon ſome Lover, when ever you begin to go aſtray; and if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will ſerve the turn.

Ant. When that Day comes, I muſt take my Revenge, and turn Gardener again: For I find I am much given to Planting.

Mor. But take heed, in the mean time, that ſome young *Antonio* does not ſpring up in your own Family; as falſe as his Father, tho of another Man's Planting.

Re-enter Dorax *with* Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda. Sebaſtian *enters ſpeaking to* Dorax, *while in the mean time* Antonio *preſents* Morayma *to* Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our Royal Priſ'ner, *Muley-Zeydan?*

Dor. Diſpos'd to grant whatever I deſire,
To gain a Crown, and Freedom: Well I know him,
Of eaſy Temper, naturally good,
And faithful to his Word.

Seb. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the Meaſure of my Happineſs;
I'm ſtill in pain for poor *Alvarez'* Life.

Dor. Releaſe that Fear, the good old Man is ſafe:
I paid his Ranſom;
And have already order'd his Attendance.

Seb. O bid him enter, for I long to ſee him.

Enter Alvarez *with a Servant, who departs when* Alvarez *is enter'd.*

Alv. Now by my Soul, and by theſe hoary Hairs,
[*Falling down, and embracing the King's Knees.*
I'm ſo o'er-whelm'd with Pleaſure, that I feel
A latter Spring within my with'ring Limbs,
That ſhoots me out again.

Seb. Thou good old Man! [*Raiſing him.*
Thou haſt deceiv'd me into more, more Joys;
Who ſtood brim-full before.

Alv. O my dear Child!
I love thee ſo, I cannot call thee King,
Whom I ſo oft have dandled in theſe Arms!
What, when I gave thee loſt, to find thee living!
'Tis like a Father who himſelf had 'ſcap'd
A falling Houſe, and after anxious Search,
Hears from afar, his only Son within:
And digs thro Rubbiſh, till he drags him out

To

To ſee the friendly Light.
Such is my Haſte, ſo trembling is my Joy,
To draw thee forth from underneath thy Fate.
Seb. The Tempeſt is o'er-blown; the Skies are clear,
And the Sea charm'd into a Calm ſo ſtill,
That not a Wrinkle ruffles her ſmooth Face.
Alv. Juſt ſuch ſhe ſhows before a riſing Storm:
And therefore am I come with timely Speed,
To warn you into Port.
Alm. My Soul fore-bodes [*Aſide.*
Some dire Event involv'd in thoſe dark Words;
And juſt diſcloſing in a Birth of Fate.
Alv. Is there not yet an Heir of this vaſt Empire,
Who ſtill ſurvives of *Muley-Moluch*'s Branch?
Dor. Yes, ſuch a one there is, a Captive here,
And Brother to the Dead.
Alv. The Pow'rs above
Be prais'd for that: My Prayers for my good Maſter
I hope are heard.
Seb. Thou haſt a right in Heav'n,
But why theſe Prayers for me?
Alv. A Door is open yet for your Deliverance.
Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*,
Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that Captive's Life.
Seb. We have him here an honourable Hoſtage
For Terms of Peace: What more he can contribute
To make me bleſt, I know not.
Alv. Vaſtly more:
Almeyda may be ſettled in the Throne;
And you review your native Clime with Fame:
A firm Alliance, and eternal Peace,
(The glorious Crown of honourable War)
Are all included in that Prince's Life:
Let this fair Queen be given to *Muley-Zeydan*;
And make her love the Sanction of your League.
Seb. No more of that: His Life's in my diſpoſe;
And Pris'ners are not to inſiſt on Terms,
Or if they were, yet he demands not theſe.

Alv. You ſhould exact 'em.
Alm. Better may be made;
Theſe cannot: I abhor the Tyrant's Race;
My Parents Murderers, my Throne's Uſurpers.
But, at one Blow, to cut off all Diſpute,
Know this, thou buſy, old, officious Man,
I am a Chriſtian; now be wiſe no more;
Or if thou wouldſt be ſtill thought wiſe, be ſilent.
Alv. O I perceive you think your Int'reſt touch'd:
'Tis what before the Battel I obſerv'd:
But I muſt ſpeak, and will.
Seb. I prithee Peace;
Perhaps ſhe thinks they are too near of Blood.
Alv. I wiſh ſhe may not wed to Blood more near.
Seb. What if I make her mine?
Alv. Now Heav'n forbid!
Seb. Wiſh rather Heav'n may grant.
For, if I cou'd deſerve, I have deſerv'd her:
My Toils, my Hazards, and my Subjects Lives,
(Provided ſhe conſent) may claim her Love:
And, that once granted, I appeal to theſe,
If better, I could chuſe a beauteous Bride.
Ant. The faireſt of her Sex.
Mor. The Pride of Nature.
Dor. He only merits her; ſhe only him.
So pair'd, ſo ſuited in their Minds and Perſons,
That they were fram'd the Tallies for each other.
If any Alien Love had interpos'd,
It muſt have been an Eyeſore to Beholders,
And to themſelves a Curſe.
Alv. And to themſelves
The greateſt Curſe that can be, were to join.
Seb. Did not I love thee, paſt a Change to hate,
That Word had been thy Ruin; but no more,
I charge thee on thy Life, perverſe old man.
Alv. Know, Sir, I would be ſilent if I durſt:
But, if on Shipboard, I ſhould ſee my Friend
Grown Frantick in a raging Calenture,
And he, imagining vain flowry Fields,
Would headlong plunge himſelf into the Deep;

Should I not hold him from that mad Attempt,
Till his ſick Fancy were by Reaſon cur'd?
Seb. I pardon thee th' Effects of doting Age;
Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-Caution;
The ſecond Non-age of a Soul, more wiſe;
But now decay'd, and ſunk into the Socket,
Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light.
Alv. Have you forgot?
Seb. Thou mean'ſt my Father's Will,
In bar of Marriage to *Almeyda*'s Bed:
Thou ſeeſt my Faculties are ſtill entire,
Tho thine are much impair'd. I weigh'd that Will,
And found 'twas grounded on our diff'rent Faiths;
But, had he liv'd to ſee her happy Change,
He would have cancell'd that harſh Interdict,
And join'd our Hands himſelf.
Alv. Still had he liv'd and ſeen this Change,
He ſtill had been the ſame.
Seb. I have a dark Remembrance of my Father;
His Reas'nings and his Actions both were juſt;
And, granting that, he muſt have chang'd his Meaſures.
Alv. Yes, he was juſt, and therefore could not change.
Seb. 'Tis a baſe Wrong thou offer'ſt to the Dead.
Alv. Now Heav'n forbid,
That I ſhould blaſt his pious Memory:
No, I am tender of his holy Fame:
For dying he bequeath'd it to my Charge.
Believe, I am; and ſeek to know no more,
But pay a blind Obedience to his Will.
For to preſerve his Fame I would be ſilent.
Seb. Craz'd Fool, who woudlſt be thought an Oracle,
Come down from off thy Tripos, and ſpeak plain:
My Father ſhall be juſtify'd, he ſhall:
'Tis a Son's Part to riſe in his Defence;
And to confound thy Malice, or thy Dotage.
Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd:
But, to be clear'd at my dead Maſter's coſt,
O there's the Wound! but let me firſt adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed Soul,
No more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.

Seb. Not Heav'n and Earth combin'd can hinder it.
Alv. Then witneſs Heav'n and Earth, how loth I am
To ſay, you muſt not, nay you cannot wed.
And ſince not only a dead Father's Fame,
But more, a Lady's Honour muſt be touch'd,
Which nice as Ermines will not bear a Soil;
Let all retire: That you alone may hear
What ev'n in Whiſpers I would tell your Ear.
[*All are going out.*
Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you ſtay.
And were my Voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
To reach the round of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
All Nations ſhould be ſummon'd to this place.
So little do I fear that Fellow's Charge:
So ſhould my Honour like a riſing Swan,
Bruſh with her Wings the falling Drops away,
And proudly plough the Waves.
Seb. This noble Pride becomes thy Innocence:
And I dare truſt my Father's Memory,
To ſtand the Charge of that foul forging Tongue.
Alv. It will be ſoon diſcover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your Father in his Youth,
When newly marry'd, travell'd into *Spain*,
And made a long Abode in *Philip*'s Court?
Seb. Why ſo remote a Queſtion? which thy ſelf
Can anſwer to thy ſelf, for thou wert with him,
His Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boaſt;
And neareſt to his Soul.
Alv. Too near indeed, forgive me gracious Heav'n,
That ever I ſhould boaſt I was ſo near:
The Confident of all his young Amours.
And have not you, unhappy Beauty, heard, [*To* Alm.
Have you not often heard, your exil'd Parents
Were refug'd in that Court, and at that time?
Alm. 'Tis true: And often ſince, my Mother own'd
How kind that Prince was, to eſpouſe her Cauſe;
She counſell'd, nay, enjoin'd me on her Bleſſing,
To ſeek the Sanctuary of your Court:
Which gave me firſt Encouragement to come,
And, with my Brother, beg *Sebaſtian*'s Aid.

Seb.

Seb. Thou help'ſt me well, to juſtify my War:
[*To* Alm.] My dying Father ſwore me, then a Boy;
And made me kiſs the Croſs upon his Sword,
Never to ſheath it, till that exil'd Queen
Were by my Arms reſtor'd.
Alv. And can you find
No Myſtery couch'd in this exceſs of Kindneſs?
Were Kings e'er known, in this degenerate Age,
So paſſionately fond of noble Acts,
Where Intereſt ſhar'd not more than half with Honour?
Seb. Baſe groveling Soul, who know'ſt not Honour's Worth;
But weigh'ſt it out in mercenary Scales;
The ſecret Pleaſure of a generous Act,
Is the great Mind's great Bribe.
Alv. Show me that King, and I'll believe the Phœnix.
But knock at your own Breaſt, and ask your Soul
If thoſe fair fatal Eyes edg'd not your Sword,
More than your Father's Charge, and all your Vows?
If ſo, and ſo your Silence grants it is,
Know, King, your Father had, like you, a Soul;
And Love is your Inheritance from him.
Almeyda's Mother too had Eyes, like her,
And not leſs charming; and were charm'd no leſs
Than yours are now with her, and hers with you.
Alm. Thou ly'ſt, Impoſtor; perjur'd Fiend, thou ly'ſt.
Seb. Was't not enough to brand my Father's Fame,
But thou muſt load a Lady's Memory?
O infamous, O baſe, beyond Repair!
And to what end this ill-concerted Lye,
Which palpable and groſs, yet granted true,
It bars not my inviolable Vows?
Alv. Take heed, and double not your Father's Crimes;
To his Adult'ry do not add your Inceſt.
Know, ſhe's the Product of unlawful Love,
And 'tis your carnal Siſter you wou'd wed.
Seb. Thou ſhalt not ſay thou wert condemn'd unheard;
Elſe, by my Soul, this Moment were thy laſt.
Alm. But think not Oaths ſhall juſtify thy Charge;
Nor Imprecations on thy curſed Head.
For who dares lye to Heaven, thinks Heaven a Jeſt.

Thou haſt confeſs'd thy ſelf the conſcious Pander
Of that pretended Paſſion;
A ſingle Witneſs infamouſly known,
Againſt two Perſons of unqueſtion'd Fame,
Alv. What Intereſt can I have, or what Delight
To blaze their Shame, or to divulge my own?
If prov'd, you hate me; if unprov'd, condemn.
Not Racks or Tortures cou'd have forc'd this Secret,
But too much Care to ſave you from a Crime,
Which would have ſunk you both. For let me ſay,
Almeyda's Beauty well deſerves your Love.
Alm. Out baſe Impoſtor, I abhor thy Praiſe.
Dor. It looks not like Impoſture; but a Truth,
On utmoſt need reveal'd.
Seb. Did I expect from *Dorax* this return?
Is this the Love renew'd?
Dor. Sir, I am ſilent;
Pray Heav'n my Fears prove falſe.
Seb. Away; you all combine to make me wretched.
Alv. But hear the Story of that fatal Love;
Where every Circumſtance ſhall prove another;
And Truth ſo ſhine by her own native Light,
That if a Lye were mixt, it muſt be ſeen.
Seb. No; all may ſtill be forg'd, and of a piece.
No; I can credit nothing thou canſt ſay.
Alv. One Proof remains; and that's your Father's Hand:
Firm'd with his Signet; both ſo fully known,
That plainer Evidence can hardly be,
Unleſs his Soul wou'd want her Heav'n awhile,
And come on Earth to ſwear.
Seb. Produce that Writing.
Alv. [*to* Dorax] *Alonzo* has it in his Cuſtody.
The ſame, which when his Nobleneſs redeem'd me,
And in a friendly Viſit own'd himſelf
For what he is, I then depoſited:
And had his Faith to give it to the King.
Dor. Untouch'd, and ſeal'd, as when intruſted with me.
[*Giving a ſeal'd Paper to the King.*
Such I reſtore it with a trembling Hand,
Leſt ought within diſturb your Peace of Soul.

Seb.

Seb. Draw near *Almeyda*: thou art moſt concern'd:
[*Tearing open the Seals.*
For I am moſt in thee.
Alonzo, mark the Characters:
Thou know'ſt my Father's Hand, obſerve it well:
And if th' Impoſtor's Pen have made one ſlip,
That ſhews it Counterfeit, mark that and ſave me.
Dor. It looks indeed too like my Maſter's Hand:
So does the Signet: more I cannot ſay;
But wiſh 'twere not ſo like.
Seb. Methinks it owns
The black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda*'s Birth;
But ſuch a Miſt of Grief comes o'er my Eyes,
I cannot, or I wou'd not read it plain.
Alm. Heaven cannot be more true, than this is falſe.
Seb. O cou'dſt thou prove it with the ſame Aſſurance!
Speak, haſt thou ever ſeen my Father's Hand?
Alm. No; but my Mother's Honour has been read
By me, and by the World, in all her Acts;
In Characters more plain and legible
Than this dumb Evidence, this blotted Lye.
Oh that I were a Man, as my Soul's one,
To prove thee Traitor, and Aſſaſſinate
Of her Fame: thus mov'd I'd tear thee, thus:——
[*Tearing the Paper.*
And ſcatter o'er the Field thy Coward Limbs,
Like this foul Offspring of thy forging Brain.
[*Scatt'ring the Paper.*
Alv. Juſt ſo ſhalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
For know, proud Woman, know in thy deſpite,
The moſt authentick Proof is ſtill behind.
Thou wear'ſt it on thy Finger: 'tis that Ring,
Which match'd to that on his, ſhall clear the doubt.
'Tis no dumb Forgery: for that ſhall ſpeak;
And ſound a rattling Peal to either's Conſcience.
Seb. This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold
And ſhaking Hand, juſt in the Pangs of Death,
Put on my Finger; with a parting Sigh,
And wou'd have ſpoke; but falter'd in his Speech
With undiſtinguiſh'd Sound.

Alv.

Alv. I know it well:
For I was preſent: now *Almeyda*, ſpeak:
And truly tell us, how you came by yours.
Alm. My Mother, when I parted from her ſight
To go to *Portugal*, bequeath'd it to me,
Preſaging ſhe ſhou'd never ſee me more:
She pull'd it from her Finger, ſhed ſome Tears,
Kiſs'd it, and told me 'twas a Pledge of Love;
And hid a Myſtery of great Importance
Relating to my Fortunes.
Alv. Mark me now,
While I diſcloſe that fatal Myſtery.
Thoſe Rings, when you were born and thought another's,
Your Parents glowing yet in ſinful Love,
Bid me beſpeak: a curious Artiſt wrought 'em,
With Joints ſo cloſe, as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each other's Counterpart:
Her part had *Juan* inſcrib'd, and his had *Zayda*,
(You know thoſe Names are theirs:) and in the midſt,
A Heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the Rivets of thoſe Rings inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this Lye:
But if they join, you muſt for ever part.

[Sebaſtian *pulling off his Ring*, Almeyda *does the ſame, and gives it to* Alv. *who unſcrues both the Rings, and fits one half to the other.*

Seb. Now Life or Death.
Alm. And either thine or ours,
I'm loſt for ever.——— [*Swoons.*

[*The Women and* Morayma *take her up, and carry her off.*

[Sebaſtian *here ſtands amaz'd without Motion, his Eyes fixt upward.*

Seb. Look to the Queen my Wife; for I am paſt
All pow'r of Aid to her or to my ſelf.
Alv. His Wife, ſaid he, his Wife! O fatal Sound!
For, had I known it, this unwelcome News
Had never reach'd their Ears.

So

So they had ſtill been bleſt in Ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.

Dor. I knew it but too late, and durſt not ſpeak.

Seb. [*Starting out of his Amazement.*] I will not live,
no not a Moment more;
I will not add one Moment more to Inceſt:
I'll cut it off, and end a wretched Being.
For, ſhou'd I live, my Soul's ſo little mine,
And ſo much hers, that I ſhould ſtill enjoy.
Ye cruel Powers,
Take me as you have made me, miſerable;
You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my Fate,
And you made that, not I. [*Draws his Sword.*

[Ant. *and* Alv. *lay hold on him, and* Dorax *wreſts the Sword out of his Hand.*

Ant. For Heav'n's ſake hold, and recollect your Mind.

Alv. Conſider whom you puniſh, and for what;
Your ſelf unjuſtly: You have charg'd the Fault
On Heav'n, that beſt may bear it.
Tho Inceſt is indeed a deadly Crime,
You are not guilty, ſince unknown 'twas done,
And known, had been abhorr'd.

Seb. By Heav'n you're Traitors all, that hold my Hands.
If Death be but Ceſſation of our Thought,
Then let me die, for I would think no more.
I'll boaſt my Innocence above;
And let 'em ſee a Soul they cou'd not ſully:
I ſhall be there before my Father's Ghoſt;
That yet muſt languiſh long in Froſts and Fires,
For making me unhappy by his Crime: [*Struggling again.*
Stand off, and let me take my fill of Death:
For I can hold my Breath in your Deſpite,
And ſwell my heaving Soul out, when I pleaſe.

Alv. Heav'n comfort you!

Seb. What, art thou giving Comfort!
Wouldſt thou give Comfort, who haſt giv'n Deſpair?
Thou ſeeſt *Alonzo* ſilent; he's a Man.
He knows, that Men abandon'd of their Hopes
Shou'd ask no Leave, nor ſtay for ſueing out
A tedious Writ of Eaſe from lingering Heav'n,

But

But help themſelves, as timely as they cou'd,
And teach the Fates their Duty.

Dor. [*to* Alv. *and* Ant.] Let him go.
He is our King; and he ſhall be obey'd.

Alv. What, to deſtroy himſelf? O Parricide!

Dor. Be not injurious in your fooliſh Zeal,
But leave him free; or by my Sword I ſwear,
To hew that Arm away, that ſtops the Paſſage
To his eternal Reſt.

Ant. [*Letting go his Hold.*] Let him be guilty of his own Death if he pleaſes; for I'll not be guilty of mine, by holding him.

[*The King ſhakes off* Alv.

Alv. [*to Dor.*] Infernal Fiend,
Is this a Subject's Part?

Dor. 'Tis a Friend's Office.
He has convinc'd me, that he ought to die.
And rather than he ſhould not, here's my Sword
To help him on his Journey.

Seb. My laſt, my only Friend, how kind art thou,
And how inhuman theſe!

Dor. To make the Trifle Death a thing of Moment!

Seb. And not to weigh th' important Cauſe I had
To rid my ſelf of Life!

Dor. True; for a Crime
So horrid in the Face of Men and Angels,
As wilful Inceſt is!

Seb. Not wilful neither.

Dor. Yes, if you liv'd, and with repeated Acts
Refreſh'd your Sin, and loaded Crimes with Crimes,
To ſwell your Scores of Guilt.

Seb. True; if I liv'd.

Dor. I ſaid ſo, if you liv'd.

Seb. For hitherto was fatal Ignorance,
And no intended Crime.

Dor. That you beſt know:
But the malicious World will judge the worſt.

Alv. O what a Sophiſter has Hell procur'd,
To argue for Damnation!

Dor. Peace, old Dotard.

Man-

Mankind that always judge of Kings with Malice,
Will think he knew this Inceſt, and purſu'd it.
His only Way to rectify Miſtakes,
And to redeem her Honour, is to die.
Seb. Thou haſt it right, my dear, my beſt *Alonzo!*
And that, but petty Reparation too;
But all I have to give.
Dor. Your Pardon, Sir;
You may do more, and ought.
Seb. What, more than Death?
Dor. Death? why, that's Children's Sport; a Stage-
We act it every Night we go to Bed. [Play, Death.
Death to a Man in Miſery is Sleep.
Wou'd you, who perpetrated ſuch a Crime,
As frighten'd Nature, made the Saints above
Shake Heav'n's eternal Pavement with their trembling,
To view that Act, wou'd you but barely die?
But ſtretch your Limbs, and turn on t'other Side;
To lengthen out a black voluptuous Slumber,
And dream you had your Siſter in your Arms?
Seb. To expiate this, can I do more than die?
Dor. O yes: you muſt do more; you muſt be damn'd:
You muſt be damn'd to all eternity;
And ſure Self-Murder is the readieſt Way.
Seb. How, damn'd?
Dor. Why, is that News?
Alv. O, Horror! Horror!
Dor. What, thou a Stateſman,
And make a Buſ'neſs of Damnation
In ſuch a World as this! why, 'tis a Trade:
The Scrivener, Uſurer, Lawyer, Shop-keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live but by Damnation.
The Politician does it by Advance,
And gives all gone before-hand.
Seb. O, thou haſt given me ſuch a Glimpſe of Hell,
So puſh me forward, even to the Brink
Of that irremeable burning Gulph,
That looking in th' Abyſs, I dare not leap.
And now I ſee what good thou mean'ſt my Soul,
And thank thy pious Fraud: thou haſt indeed

Appear'd a Devil, but didſt an Angel's Work.
Dor. 'Twas the laſt Remedy, to give you Leiſure:
For, if you cou'd but think, I knew you ſafe.
Seb. I thank thee, my *Alonzo*: I will live:
But never more to *Portugal* return:
For, to go back and reign, that were to ſhew
Triumphant Inceſt, and pollute the Throne.
Alv. Since Ignorance———
Seb. O, palliate not my Wound;
When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis Inceſt:
No, 'tis reſolv'd, I charge you plead no more;
I cannot live without *Almeyda*'s Sight,
Nor can I ſee *Almeyda*, but I ſin.
Heav'n has inſpir'd me with a ſacred Thought,
To live alone to Heav'n, and die to her.
Dor. Mean you to turn an Anchoret?
Seb. What elſe?
The World was once too narrow for my Mind,
But one poor little Nook will ſerve me now;
To hide me from the reſt of human Kind.
Africk has Deſarts wide enough to hold
Millions of Monſters, and I am, ſure, the greateſt.
Alv. You may repent, and wiſh your Crown too late.
Seb. O never, never; I am paſt a Boy,
A Scepter's but a Play-thing, and a Globe
A bigger bounding Stone. He who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the reſt with Eaſe.
Dor. O truly great!
A Soul fix'd high, and capable of Heav'n.
Old as he is, your Uncle Cardinal
Is not ſo far enamour'd of a Cloyſter,
But he will thank you for the Crown you leave him.
Seb. To pleaſe him more, let him believe me dead;
That he may never dream I may return.
Alonzo, I am now no more thy King,
But ſtill thy Friend, and by that holy Name
Adjure thee, to perform my laſt Requeſt:
Make our Conditions with yon' Captive King,
Secure me but my ſolitary Cell;
'Tis all I ask him for a Crown reſtor'd.

Dor.

Dor. I will do more:
But fear not *Muley-Zeydan*; his ſoft Metal
Melts down with eaſy Warmth; runs in the Mould,
And needs no farther Forge. [*Exit* Dor.

Re-enter Almeyda *led by* Morayma, *and follow'd by her Attendants.*

Seb. See where ſhe comes again.
By Heav'n, when I behold thoſe beauteous Eyes,
Repentance lags, and Sin comes hurrying on.
Alm. This is too cruel!
Seb. Speak'ſt thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death,
Or double Death, for we muſt part, *Almeyda*.
Alm. I ſpeak of all.
For all things that belong to us are cruel.
But what's moſt cruel, we muſt love no more.
O 'tis too much that I muſt never ſee you,
But not to love you is impoſſible:
No, I muſt love you: Heav'n may hate me that,
And charge that ſinful Sympathy of Souls
Upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well.
Seb. Good Heav'n, thou ſpeak'ſt my Thoughts, and I [ſpeak thine.
Nay, then there's Inceſt in our very Souls;
For we were form'd too like.
Alm. Too like indeed,
And yet not for each other.
Sure when we part (for I reſolv'd it too,
Tho you propos'd it firſt) however diſtant,
We ſhall be ever thinking of each other;
And, the ſame Moment, for each other pray.
Seb. But if a Wiſh ſhou'd come athwart our Prayers!
Alm. It wou'd do well to curb it, if we cou'd.
Seb. We cannot look upon each other's Face,
But, when we read our Love, we read our Guilt:
And yet, methinks, I cannot chuſe but love.
Alm. I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durſt for Shame,
If ſtill you lov'd? you gave it Air before me.
Ah, why were we not born both of a Sex?
For then we might have lov'd without a Crime.
Why was not I your Brother? tho that Wiſh
Involv'd our Parents Guilt, we had not parted;

We

We had been Friends, and Friendſhip is not Inceſt.
Seb. Alas, I know not by what Name to call thee!
Siſter and Wife are the two deareſt Names;
And I wou'd call thee both; and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that ſtill we muſt confound
The deareſt Names into a common Curſe.
Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!
Seb. To have but one poor Night of all our Lives;
It was indeed a glorious, guilty Night:
So happy, that, forgive me Heav'n, I wiſh
With all its Guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know ſo ſoon, or why at all,
That Sin cou'd be conceal'd in ſuch a Bliſs?
Alm. Men have a larger Privilege of Words,
Elſe I ſhou'd ſpeak: but we muſt part, *Sebaſtian*,
That's all the Name that I have left to call thee.
I muſt not call thee by the Name I wou'd;
But when I ſay *Sebaſtian*, dear *Sebaſtian*,
I kiſs the Name I ſpeak.
Seb. We muſt make haſte, or we ſhall never part.
I wou'd ſay ſomething that's as dear as this;
Nay, wou'd do more than ſay: one Moment longer,
And I ſhou'd break thro Laws divine and humane;
And think 'em Cobwebs, ſpread for little Man,
Which all the bulky Herd of Nature breaks.
The vigorous young World was ignorant
Of theſe Reſtrictions, 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout, but more decay'd, and cold.
All this is impious; therefore we muſt part:
For gazing thus, I kindle at thy Sight,
And once burnt down to Tinder, light again
Much ſooner than before.

Re-enter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the ſad Denouncer of my Fate,
To toll the mournful Knell of Separation:
While I, as on my Death-bed, hear the Sound,
That warns me hence for ever.
Seb. [*to* Dor.] Now be brief,
And I will try to liſten;
And ſhare the Minute that remains, betwixt

The

The Care I owe my Subjects, and my Love.
Dor. Your Fate has gratify'd you all ſhe can;
Gives eaſy Miſery, and makes Exile pleaſing.
I truſted *Muley-Zeydan*, as a Friend,
But ſwore him firſt to Secrecy: he wept
Your Fortune, and with Tears, not ſqueez'd by Art,
But ſhed from Nature, like a kindly Shower:
In ſhort, he proffer'd more than I demanded;
A ſafe Retreet, a gentle Solitude,
Unvex'd with Noiſe, and undiſturb'd with Fears:
I choſe you one.——
Alm. O do not tell me where:
For if I knew the Place of his Abode,
I ſhou'd be tempted to purſue his Steps,
And then we both were loſt.
Seb. Ev'n paſt Redemption.
For, if I knew thou wert on that Deſign,
(As I muſt know, becauſe our Souls are one)
I ſhou'd not wander, but by ſure Inſtinct,
Shou'd meet thee juſt half-way in Pilgrimage,
And cloſe for ever: for I know my Love
More ſtrong than thine, and I more frail than thou.
Alm. Tell me not that: for I muſt boaſt my Crime,
And cannot bear that thou ſhoud'ſt better love.
Dor. I may inform you both: for you muſt go,
Where Seas, and Winds, and Deſarts will divide you.
Under the Ledge of *Atlas* lies a Cave,
Cut in the living Rock, by Nature's Hands;
The venerable Seat of holy Hermits;
Who there, ſecure in ſeparated Cells,
Sacred ev'n to the *Moors*, enjoy Devotion:
And from the purling Streams, and ſavage Fruits,
Have wholeſom Bev'rage, and unbloody Feaſts.
Seb. 'Tis Penance too voluptuous for my Crime.
Dor. Your Subjects, conſcious of your Life, are few:
But all deſirous to partake your Exile,
And to do Office to your ſacred Perſon.
The reſt, who think you dead, ſhall be diſmiſs'd,
Under ſafe Convoy, till they reach your Fleet.
Alm. But how am wretched I to be diſpos'd?

A vain Enquiry, ſince I leave my Lord:
For all the World beſide is Baniſhment!

Dor. I have a Siſter, Abbeſs in *Tercera's*,
Who loſt her Lover on her Bridal Day.——

Alm. There Fate provided me a Fellow-Turtle;
To mingle Sighs with Sighs, and Tears with Tears.

Dor. Laſt, for my ſelf, if I have well fulfill'd
My ſad Commiſſion, let me beg the Boon,
To ſhare the Sorrows of your laſt Receſs;
And mourn the common Loſſes of our Loves.

Alv. And what becomes of me? muſt I be left,
(As Age and Time had worn me out of Uſe?)
Theſe Sinews are not yet ſo much unſtrung,
To fail me when my Maſter ſhou'd be ſerv'd:
And when they are, then will I ſteal to Death,
Silent and unobſerv'd, to ſave his Tears.

Seb. I've heard you both; *Alvarez*, have thy Wiſh.
But thine, *Alonzo*, thine is too unjuſt.
I charge thee with my laſt Commands, return,
And bleſs thy *Violante* with thy Vows.
Antonio, be thou happy too in thine.
Laſt, let me ſwear you all to Secrecy:
And to conceal my Shame conceal my Life.

Dor. Ant. Mor. We ſwear to keep it ſecret.

Alm. Now I wou'd ſpeak the laſt Farewel, I cannot.
It wou'd be ſtill farewel, a thouſand times:
And, multiply'd in Echo's, ſtill farewel.
I will not ſpeak; but think a thouſand thouſand;
And be thou ſilent too, my laſt *Sebaſtian*;
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief.
My Heart's too great; or I wou'd die this Moment:
But Death, I thank him, in an Hour, has made
A mighty Journey, and I haſte to meet him.

[*She ſtaggers, and her Women hold her up.*

Seb. Help to ſupport this feeble drooping Flower,
This tender Sweet, ſo ſhaken by the Storm.
For theſe fond Arms muſt thus be ſtretch'd in vain,
And never, never muſt embrace her more.
'Tis paſt:——my Soul goes in that Word——farewel.

Alv.

[Alv. *goes with* Seb. *to one End of the Stage*; *Women with* Alm. *to the other.*

Dor. *coming up to* Ant. *and* Mor. *who ſtand on the Middle of the Stage.*

Dor. Haſte to attend *Almeyda:* For your Sake
Your Father is forgiven: but to *Antonio*
He forfeits half his Wealth: be happy both:
And let *Sebaſtian* and *Almeyda*'s Fate
This dreadful Sentence to the World relate,
That unrepented Crimes of Parents dead,
Are juſtly puniſh'd on their Children's Head.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken betwixt *Antonio* and *Morayma.*

Mor. I *Quak'd at Heart, for fear the Royal Faſhion*
Shou'd have ſeduc'd us two to Separation:
To be drawn in, againſt our own Deſire,
Poor I to be a Nun, poor you a Fryar.

Ant. *I trembled when the Old Man's Hand was in,*
He wou'd have prov'd we were too near of Kin:
Diſcovering old Intrigues of Love, like t'other,
Betwixt my Father and thy ſinful Mother;
To make us Siſter Turk *and Chriſtian Brother.*

Mor. *Excuſe me there; that League ſhou'd have been rather*
Betwixt your Mother and my Mufti *Father;*
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit,
Your Friends ſhou'd bear the Baſtard, mine ſhou'd get it.

Ant. *Suppoſe us two* Almeyda *and* Sebaſtian,
With Inceſt prov'd upon us——

Mor. *Without Queſtion*
Their Conſcience was too queazy of Digeſtion.

Ant. *Thou wouldſt have kept the Counſel of thy Brother,*
And ſinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor.

Mor. *Beaſt as you are, on Nature's Laws to trample;*
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example.
And ſince all Marriage in Repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.
To ſave a Maid's Remorſes and Confuſions,
E'en leave me now before we try Concluſions.

Ant. *To copy their Example, firſt make certain*
Of one good Hour, like theirs, before our parting;
Make a Debauch o'er Night of Love and Madneſs;
And marry when we wake in ſober Sadneſs.

Mor. *I'll follow no new Sects of your inventing.*
One Night might coſt me nine long Months repenting:
Firſt wed, and if you find that Life a Fetter,
Die when you pleaſe, the ſooner, Sir, the better:
My Wealth wou'd get me Love e'er I cou'd ask it:
Oh, there's a ſtrange Temptation in the Casket:
All theſe young Sharpers wou'd my Grace importune,
And make me thundering Votes of Lives and Fortune.

A M-

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